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CHRISTIANITY THE CORRELATE OF
HUMANITY.

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[Three or four months ago we fell in with a book, just from the press, called "Christianity the Science of Manhood," by M. J. Savage. We had never heard of the author, but read the book with very great interest and satisfaction, and published large extracts from it in our columns. We are glad to be permitted now to publish the following article on the same subject. It was read before the Chicago Philosophical Society. Prof. Joseph Haven, D.D., of Chicago, said to the author, "I should not concede all that you have. But, notwithstanding that, it is the ablest defence of Christianity as a system to which I ever listened." — ED.]

WITHIN time-limits that are narrow for such a task, I shall attempt, to-night, to show that Christianity is the correlate of humanity; and that thus, instead of its being a system to be outgrown and left behind, it is a spirit to inspire, an atmosphere to enfold, and a light to guide the feet of the ever-advancing genius of human progress.

Our first step will necessarily be to get as clear a conception as we can of what humanity is in its essential elements;

then, by its facts and needs, we may measure Christianity, and see if it be able to meet its requirements. We must regard man as an *individual*, and then in the various *forms of his association*. Look at man then as an individual.

First, and most obviously, man is an animal. Like the great pyramid, though the summit of his being catch early and hold late the light of heaven, though clouds hang round it, and it seem to hold companionship with the stars, yet its base is in the dust. And being an animal he ought to be a perfect one.

Though the statement of this obligation seems now like a truism, it has by no means been commonly regarded as such. Instead of this, the most opposite theories have been held. The pendulous opinion of man has ranged all the way from holding the physical as the highest type of the godlike to regarding it as the malign workmanship of a devil. At one time Olympus has been crowned with physical beauty and grace and strength; and at another, the way to heaven and the presence of God has been the viewless path of an escaped spirit from a crushed-out and shaken-off shell of body.

But we now know that our material structure is the shrine, vehicle, and instrument of the entire manhood. Instead of its being a clog on the spirit, and an impediment to human activity, we know nothing whatever of human activity apart from the body. By means of it we are set in our entire system of relationships. And since through it the whole circle of activities that make society, art, science, civilization, find their expression, and since the quality of the expression depends largely on the fitness of the instruments, the perfection of the physical life is an essential part of the perfect manhood.

But man is also an intellectual being. As such his end is truth. Perfection as a truth-seeker then is his perfection as an intellect. This perfection demands power, clearness, and impartiality. In its proper sphere, and following its proper methods, the intellect has no right to be anything but an inexorable logic machine. So long as any provable thing remains unproven, doubt, instead of being a sin, is the



most sacred duty. But the minds of most men are decided, less than by almost anything else, by honestly searched evidence. Like unfair balances, they turn in disregard of the weights ; and, whichever way they stand, indicate nothing of value.

Another factor of manhood is the affectional nature. This it is that links him with others, and makes him a social being.

Since the objects of his love must have a large reacting influence on himself, it is of importance that he love only the best. So much for love as an affinity. He must not choose or approve anything but the highest. But love, as generosity and devotion, must go out and down on any and all that may be the object of help. For as sunlight is not soiled by shining in the gutter, but ever manifests new phases of its glory by glancing from pebbles and broken bits of glass, so the heart of man only becomes nobler and purer by raying out and down its helpful love on all races, classes, characters, and creeds.

The true object and inspiration of love is that which is lovely. A sense of duty cannot produce it. Compulsion, in its presence, has no power. As well might duty or fear or compulsion drive the sense of smell, or make the ear find music in disagreeable sounds.

Once more, man has always and everywhere manifested the presence and power of a religious faculty. However rudimentary, and under whatever grotesque forms, this religious faculty makes itself felt as a fact and as a power. Perhaps no other force has so shaped society, so made and unmade governments, so dominated the world.

This religious faculty supposes a power or powers above man to whom, or which, he owes allegiance. It supposes the existence of eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and makes these the law of moral action.

With a remarkable unanimity in all nations and times, it has also linked with itself the expectation of a future life, and made the conditions immediately following this hinge upon his present career.

These, then, — the physical, intellectual, affectional, and religious, — are the important factors of the individual that our present purpose calls us to notice.

You will understand that no scientific value is claimed for this fourfold division. It is made merely for convenience sake. The argument would hold equally with any other. What we call men's faculties I suppose are only man acting in different ways; just as light and heat and actinism are different forces, or forms of force, of the sun, without its being possible to assign to different divisions of that body these different activities. Metaphysics is still as unexplained a mystery as it was to the Scotchman. "Metaphysics," said he, "is where twa men are talkin' thegither. Ane doosna ken what he is talkin' aboot, an' the ither doosna understan' him."

What body is, or what spirit is, what mind is, what love is, or what the religious faculty is, nobody knows. And I question whether anybody will ever know what either of them are *in themselves*: for nothing is anything in itself, but only what it is by virtue of its relations. But these modes of action are observed, universal, scientific facts. And that is all we need care about them to-night.

We have found, then, that man sustains physical, mental, affectional, and religious relations, or such relations as we ordinarily designate by these terms. The faculties which make his fitness for these relations constitute him what he is. But they must be rightly combined and proportioned to make a true man, just as root and trunk and boughs and leaves alone do not make a tree. Relation and proportion are as important as the elements themselves. One may have all the parts of a man, and yet be either an Apollo or a monster.

And one thing more, of no less importance, is their rank. According as one or another takes the headship, there result distinct classes of men, philosophies, religions, and civilizations. The failures and wrecks of the world so far are from a lack of equilibrium.

Where the body assumes supremacy there results the sen-

sualist type. This is the most fatal form of error ; because by it, not only is the religious nature degraded, but the intellect is warped, and the heart is deflowered. This "psychical man," as Paul calls him, has been the creator and product of religions. He has made and corrupted philosophies. He has brought states and civilizations to the lowest deeps of degradation that the world has ever seen. The true man, then, will cherish his body, and keep it in the best possible conditions for the highest uses.

The intellect also may rule to the destruction of the true manhood. If he is worth little who is not intellectual, neither is he who is all intellect worth much more. Overgrowth of brain is deformity as much as the excessive development of any other part, and a man may become like a worn-out steamship carrying a larger engine than the rickety hulk can bear. And then when the intellect deposes or dwarfs the affectional nature, it makes a man of a hard and unattractive type. He may be a good logic-machine ; but a machine isn't a pleasant thing to keep house with, or have for next-door neighbor. But I'll go further, and take back what I've conceded, and say, that the seeing and judging of a man not completely built up, and well-balanced, are thereby vitiated. True reasoning must be the ripe product of a whole man.

Where the affections predominate the resulting character is partial and weak. The heart, in one sense, ought to rule. But it should rule through a clear head, and in a constant vision of right.

The type of man that is formed by the enthusiastic exaltation of the religious faculty, to the prejudice and disregard of the other factors of manhood, is, in some respects, worse than any of the others. Wielding the most awful motives, it has a tremendous power of control. Despising the physical, it cuts loose from the anchorage of facts. Disdaining the guidance of the rudder, reason, and blinking the headland lights of history, it sails a flying Dutchman cruise, starting from no certain port, and sailing for no certain harbor. Mistaking the cloud-shapes of twilight for the forms and beings

of a real world, it steers toward no-man's-land, and anchors to a fog-bank. A Pharisee, he thinks to preempt heaven, and despises others. A bigot, he merits and gets the contempt of the liberal. A fanatic, he anathematizes all who cannot see through his spectacles. A traditioner, he was born to his belief, and calmly ignores facts, until science and progress trip him up with them. And even then he regards them as impertinences, and wonders that God should ever have made anything that will not fit into his system.

The true manhood, then, is not found in the dominion of any one of these, to the ignoring or degrading of any other. It is the right development and ranking of them all. Man is a pyramid, having his body for the base, his religious faculty for the apex, with heart and brain between. A whole body, a clear, strong, quick intellect, a heart that loves the best, and an upward looking of the whole being towards the highest right and true, — these make a man all it is possible for him to be.

Whatever else or more man may be, he is an animal: and as we trace the upward grades of life, we find him at the summit. But we wish to know whether he is anything more.

If, as some would have us, we leave out the religious faculty, or consider it the last lingering remnant of effete superstitions, we find him distinguished from the animals below him, not as different in kind, but only as higher in degree. He is not lifted out of animality, but is only the highest specie. He has no new faculties superadded to the animal, but only the animal faculties more highly developed. The animal thinks, remembers, imagines, reasons, hopes, fears. Man's capacity in all these directions is simply more. The physical, the intellectual, and the affectional natures, then, man shares with the animal world. And before he can be shown to be anything more than a higher kind of animal, some side of his nature must be found that not only exalts him above, but essentially differentiates him from them. Let us see if we can find anything of this kind.

If any such thing exists, it will have found expression in

human history. And so in every land, and in all time, there are discoverable traces of the universal fact that man is a worshiper. Through fetich or reptile or carven idol, or fire or sun, through Ephesian temple or Christian church,—whatever be the medium,—the fear, reverence, or love for a higher power, has found expression. There is nothing that can be regarded as even a remote parallel to this in any province of the animal kingdom.

And then as we turn from history, and look within, we find that which corresponds to and explains this. Comparing the faculties, we find that man has a conscience. The distinguishing feature of this faculty is its perception of the distinction of right and wrong. It is not necessary that all men should agree as to the standard; the fact of the distinction is all that is cared for. Now there is no evidence that any other animal possesses this. The dog may evince a desire to please a master, and show fear or shame at his displeasure. But we have no reason to suppose that he connects with these emotions any sense of moral desert.

This possession of the religious faculty, then, differences man from all forms and kinds of animal life, not simply as higher in degree, but as separate in kind. It matters not whether you conceive him created outright what he is to-day, or whether he has flowered out into what he is as the last product of a tree of life that has its roots in the primeval ooze. Not where he came from, nor by what road, but what he is, concerns us. He is, then, and always has been, so far as we have any definite knowledge, a religious being. And since this religious faculty has always existed, and has always manifested itself in man, it is as unscientific to deny or blink the fact, as it would be to ignore intellect or love. That is not science which denies facts, but which accepts and arranges them.

Indeed, so far from its being a question as to whether the religious faculty is any essential and permanent factor of manhood, it is the one essential factor. Take it away, and you relegate humanity to a permanent place among the brutes. All other things he shares with the life beneath

him. As he emerges then to take rank as a being higher than animal it is by virtue of his religious nature.

For man then to assume and assert his true place in nature, it is absolutely essential that he cultivate and develop the religious side of his being. The only way for a fruit-bearing tree to assert superiority over an unfruitful one is by bearing. For any other purpose it may not be so good. So man is of value above and beyond other animals, not by virtue of what he possesses in common with them, but because of what he is of more and higher than they.

And that he may be the highest kind of man, it is necessary that this faculty be rightly cultivated and developed. Since it is an integral part of human nature, it will have some kind of expression. What kind, then, will determine what kind of a man.

So much, then, for the individual.

But no man can be perfect in and of himself alone. An essential part is to be found in his relationships. Perfect trunk, perfect limbs, perfect twigs, perfect leaves, — all these do not make a tree, if their perfection is isolated and disjointed. It requires, beside these, a perfect organization after the law of an inward life. There is a solidarity of humanity which makes each part perfect only as perfectly related to every other part.

The history of the world, so far, is just a history of experiments and attempts in the adjustment of these relations. When the adjustment shall have been attained, the problems of sociology and government will have been solved. The day of this attainment may be very far away; but the principles that underlie it, and what it shall be, it may not be very difficult to imagine. The secret can reside in nothing else than what we call the brotherhood of the race. When manhood is recognized as the basis of rights and duties, and all things work from and by and for this, then will the race be complete. The true life of the present, then, must be that which works toward this.

This principle of brotherhood, in its final outcome, means nothing less nor else than the absolute democracy, or perfect

family of man. When the outward laws are written in the heart, when the faculties of individuals, and the relationships of the masses, reach their full development and equipoise, then will there be no need of trammels. They will be a law unto themselves. Outside bonds, of every kind, will have passed away. The lowly will have found in their manhood something higher than condition, and will look up no more with envy. The higher will learn the meaning of *noblesse oblige*, and will know that he is chiefest who is the truest servant. Equals will have learned that no man is sufficient unto himself. For humanity is not a forest in which each tree stands alone: it is rather a banyan, throbbing, through every apparently distinct part, with one common life.

It will be seen, then, that social and governmental perfection can only go along with the progress and perfection of the individual. Only members of Congress and Fourth-of-July orationists imagine that plus and minus can produce plus. A mixture of imperfect individuals cannot make a perfect mass. That which lifts the individual, then, will lift the race. The law is one, and its direction the same. There must be some one force of development and growth in accordance with, and through which, the completed manhood shall come. We see the good afar off, and recognize something of what it shall be when attained. But the problem is to discover whence springs the breeze that shall fill the waiting sails, and hasten the ranked and orderly squadron across the turbulent present to the azure calm of that fair-horizoned haven.

There is one thought more to be touched on briefly in any complete view of humanity's condition and needs, — and that is, his possible future life. I say *possible*, because I do not care to assume anything. Whatever we may be able to prove, no one certainly can be called irrational for believing it. And if there be any such thing, all will agree that fitness for an advantageous entering upon it is fairly entitled to take a leading, if not the supreme, rank in our attention. This life should be so lived as to make it the best possible preparation for an upward step in the next, if there be a next.

Its bare statement will make it apparent that who is the completest man will be the best fitted to meet any possible future, or start out on any possible career that may await him. No matter what station or kind of life is before him, that graduate is fittest for it who is the most completely and symmetrically trained in all his faculties and powers. So when one graduates from this life into an unknown other, it is utter absurdity to suppose that an immediately preceding has no effect on an immediately following condition. Each should seek then to "come into a perfect man," and thus stand before the veil that drops from sky to earth on the further verge of life. Then when the veil is lifted there can be for him no surprise, no condemnation. He will be ready for any fate. To him can come no evil. His ear will be quick to catch the sound of any voice that invites him higher. His hands will be ready to grasp any grander good. His feet will be ready to climb.

It is apparent, then, that whatever can harmonize and adjust this life will equally prepare for any possible future.

This much, then, for humanity. That which is able to correlate its nature and needs must recognize all the essential parts of the individual, and must develop them into the symmetry and proportion of the balanced man,—and it must also so arrange and hold together the units as to issue in a perfect race.

Now before we proceed to find out whether Christianity can stand this test, it is necessary that we should have some agreement in our minds as to what we mean when we use the word. Mr. Abbot, of "The Index," is fighting against what he calls Christianity; and I hope he'll be the death of it. Multitudes of Christians are fighting against the same thing, only they call it something else,—perhaps Antichrist. For he takes the hierarchic idea as the typical Christianity. Others, when they talk about Christianity, mean theology, or church establishment, or creed, or successions, or sacraments, or some one of a dozen things that have grown about or been associated with it. But these things are not Christianity any more than tyranny is government, or than the Ptolemaic

theory is astronomy, or than housekeeping is the family, or the ten commandments is life, or a man's clothes are himself. Christianity is a spirit, a life-force, that has almost proved its divinity by continuing to exist in spite of the abuse it has received from its friends, and the things it has been smothered under. A story is told as to how a Jew once went to Rome to investigate Christianity, and came back converted to its belief, by seeing how much corruption it could stand, and still live.

I shall take it for granted that its founder knew what he meant Christianity to be, better than any of his enemies, followers, interpreters, or commentators. And he has condensed it into a phrase, — *Love to God and man is Christianity*. Not institutions, not successions, not sacraments, not faiths, not works, but love. He that is led by a true love is a Christian. He that is not is not a Christian. This statement, from the lips of Christ, precedes and outweighs all others, from whatever source.

And if any of you feel that this is not so very much after all, I shall make the further claim, that this theory of the true life, which I have called by the name of Christ, is absolutely original with, and peculiar to, Christianity. I make this assertion without any fear of question or denial from those who have made an adequate study of the subject.

I do not mean by this that no lives have ever been lived on this principle outside of nominal Christianity. I am aware that the Golden Rule is in Confucius, and that many of the gems of the "Sermon on the Mount," and of the "Lord's Prayer," were in existence before Jesus placed them in their setting. I am aware that other religions contain injunctions to brotherhood and loving fellowship. But the point is here, and it is one that marks a distinction that is world-wide. For the first and only time in human history, *Christ seized this principle of love, and made it the cornerstone of a system, the central organizing force of a religion. It is the one grand essential of Christianity*. Its presence in other religions is accidental. What I mean is this: you may take love out of other systems, and not destroy their identity.

Their central, moulding idea is something else. But take it out of Christianity, and there is nothing left; you have removed its vitals.

Thus Christianity stands related to all other systems as the Copernican theory of the universe stands to all the false or partial systems that preceded it. Christianity is simply the true theory of humanity. And to say that other systems of religion are as good as Christianity, or have as much of divinity in them, because they contain as good moral maxims, is no more relevant to the question at issue than as though one should claim that the Ptolemaic theory of the universe is as good as the Copernican because Ptolemy talks of sun and earth and stars just as much as Copernicus does. Both deal with the same facts; but one gives the true theory of the facts, and the others do not. Build humanity on the Christian pattern, and you have a perfect humanity. The central, organic idea of no other religion, system, philosophy, or science, will stand this test.

And I have not as yet done more than *assert* that the central principle of Christianity is the one that underlies the perfect humanity we have outlined. And I shall have time only to *suggest* now it is true, before I pass on to some other, and supplementary, features of the subject.

Love for God and man demands that the person governed by it become the most and best possible, in every direction, and then that his whole force be given for the good of others, —and it holds that the truest self-development is found in this generous self-abnegation.

It will be readily apparent that an intelligent apprehension of this truth will lead to the highest development of every part of man. It will lead a man to make the most of his body, as being the instrument of all his relationship to, and service of, mankind. In ages when the body was thought to be evil, this love led to its suppression. But it acts out its convictions in the highest light it has; and so, the same thing that was heroic self-destruction when this was supposed to be true service, becomes now self-culture and care for the sake of man. It is the same love-force acting under different

conditions, and in different degrees of illumination. A true Christian love will keep, rule, and use the body in accordance with the highest ideals and ends of humanity.

This central force of Christianity will also tend to make the most of man intellectually. It condemns the selfish seeking or use of knowledge, just as it does selfishness in any other of its manifestations. But since the brain is an engine of power, and so capable of great achievement in the direction of human welfare, love holds its highest culture, and most unselfish use, a duty. The true Christian will do the most he can to make his brain as perfect and powerful a machine as possible for the discovery and application of truth. And then he will use it to stimulate, develop, lift up, and push forward the life of the world.

Christian love also makes the most and best of the affectional nature of man. It equally forbids the repression or perversion of the heart. Let it have free play, and it will call out all its powers, and direct them toward that which is noblest and best.

And once more, it will work with equal success in the highest realm of the religious life. This is not something apart by itself; but means man's conscious dealing with the source and the practice of all righteousness. And it, from its very nature, subordinates all things to itself. This, then, is the widest and grandest field for human action. It bears on man's permanent interests as nothing else can. It includes all conduct, which Matthew Arnold declares to be at least "three-fourths of life." That love, then, which regards the highest welfare of man, seizes upon this as that which must be made the end and crown of all worldly aim and activity. It will give chief attention to this as being in fact chief in rank and importance. But, at the same time that it develops the spiritual side of man to the highest, it forbids all its distortions and falsities. It condemns the excess of mystic meditation as being selfish. For selfish enjoyment of religion is no more Christian than selfish money-getting. It condemns the pride of spiritual insight. For any rejoicing in yourself as "elect," or specially favored, is

unchristian. But since the maturity of the immortal life of truth and right is more than the childhood of getting and enjoying, it places that first which is first, and makes the less give place to the more.

Put now the different parts together, and what is the composite individual that must result from the free working of the central force of Christianity? It is perfect body, as the vehicle and instrument of a perfect mind, both ruled and moulded by a love for the noblest and best, and all directed onward and upward in the hope of an immortality. Let him stand out in imaged outline before you. Perfect body, perfect mind, perfect heart, all constituting a spiritual man that looks Godward, — and this complete man started out on an immortal roadway that slopes endlessly upward, like the slanting glory of beams streaming downward from a rising sun. The body is good, and only gives way to what is more important. So the intellect is good, and only yields to that which outranks it. And the heart rules in its sphere, only bowing to the supreme faculty of all. Thus the man is finished. No schism: no insubordination: no disorder. This is the perfect man.

Thus this true Christian love will make the most of the individual; and then it will bring him, like true knight-errant of old, to devote himself unreservedly to the highest welfare of the world. What nobler ideal of life ever has been, or can be conceived? And this is neither more, nor less, nor other than that toward which the central impulse of Christianity is bearing every one who puts himself in its current.

Completeness in its parts implies the completeness of the whole. And since the law of Christian love will produce perfection in the individual, so it will do nothing less for society. If the life of each man and woman is right, the life of hundreds or thousands of them together must be right. There can be no wrong when all are working for the good of all. Only let this Christian love have full sway then, and the social life of the world were perfect. There is no jar, no break, no wrong, no evil thought, or wish, or act, but is just a sin against the principle of love. Of families, cliques,

churches, organizations, institutions, trades, commerce, and all the thousand forms that our social relations assume, the same holds true. Not one namable evil can be found but the law of Christian love forbids, and would destroy.

This principle also holds the secret, of the highest and grandest political hope of the world, a true family of nations. If ever a true statesmanship is to rule the world, if ever diplomacy is to be anything better than the attempt of one people to outwit another, if ever nations are to bend their concerted energies to the will-governing and elevation of man, all will be but the application of this one principle to international regulations. There can be nothing higher than the outflowing of this principle. If ever then the dream of prophet is to harden into fact, if what is true and noble in the longings of philosophy, as in Plato's Republic, is to be realized, if John's city of God is ever to come down out of heaven, if Herbert Spencer's equilibrium is to give equipoise to the unbalanced state of the world, it will all be by and through the supremacy and regnant force of this Christian love. No conception of human perfection ever has been, or ever can be, that, though it leave out the principle, does not include as necessary a course of action precisely such as this principle tends to produce. So that the highest and best of what the world dreams of and hopes for is only what Christianity offers to give, and is giving, so far as it is intelligently accepted and obeyed.

Now just stand off, in imagination, and get the proportions of this grand cosmos of humanity that ranges itself round this central idea.

If you could stand outside the solar system, and had such a range of vision as would take it in, and include all in one glance, so that it would look like one vast fleet of worlds sailing through space, around and ordered by its great Sun Admiral, and if you could, at the same time, see the microscopic wonders of each planet and asteroid and moon, you might have some idea of the all-inclusive sweep, of the minute and magnificent power, of gravitation. You might see how each atom of sand tossed by the wind ; how each leaf swaying in

the summer air ; how every ocean-current, and mighty tide, and tiny curl and cap of white-fringed wave ; how the orbit of every moon, the whirl of Saturn's rings, the sweep of each ponderous planet, — how all is held in the grip, and determined by the force, of this wondrous gravitation, that overlooks nothing infinitesimal, and holds a kingly sway over all that is immense.

And such as gravitation is in the physical universe, making a cosmos of chaos, such is the law of Christian love in the world of humanity. Nothing escapes it, nothing is too high for it, from the hidden movement of thought or wish in the individual breast to the grandest developments of society, or the movements of nations. Everywhere it comes as the principle of order. Having free and full sway, it would produce as perfect a cosmos of humanity as gravitation has already produced in the material world. Every step of progress that the world has ever taken, or ever can take, is but a step toward the realization of this idea.

But some who have followed me thus far, and been disposed, in the main, to agree with me, may think the whole argument vitiated by the fact that many of the once thought essential foundations of Christianity are giving way. The old ideas of the Bible are crumbling. It does not agree with science. The authenticity of many of its books is impeached. Its chronology is at fault. Its statements conflict. Scientific minds are rejecting miracles. Jesus apparently believed in the superstition of demoniac possession. Paul taught a false doctrine of the coming of Christ. At least in two instances, Jesus admits his ignorance. Many are coming to believe these things, and also, — as I think very illogically, — to think that if these things are true, Christianity must fall along with the overthrow of their old notions concerning it.

But who has identified Christianity with any man's notions of it? Grant any one of these points to which reference has been made, and they do not touch the solid groundwork of the argument we have been reviewing to-night. It is no less true that Jesus gave to man the true theory of human life.

How he did it, or who he was, or whether he was ever mistaken, or what he thought about other matters, or what he did beside this, — these all are questions wholly one side the great fact of our discussion. So when you've picked a flaw in the Bible, don't think you've hurt Christianity. Neither Christ nor the Bible is responsible for the fact that Luther needed an infallible book to knock an infallible Pope over with, and so set up a claim to having what he wanted. When you've cast away a belief in the miraculous do not think you've got to fling Christianity after it. Whether Jesus did or did not work miracles has nothing to do with his origination of the true theory of human life. When you've learned that Paul thought Christ was coming in clouds during his life-time, and was mistaken, when you question Paul's doctrine of marriage, or the rights of woman, don't think Christianity trembles in the balance of your judgment on these points. What Paul thought or taught after the death of Jesus affects not what he himself thought and taught in his life. When you find you must surrender Catholicism, or Calvinism, or Puritanism, or any other ism, do not think Christianity is gone too. It preceded and will outlive them all. They may have grown in the vigor of the climate which Christianity produced, just as a thousand herbs and weeds grow in the glow of the sunshine, which are yet no part of the sunshine, which still shines on through a thousand springs and a thousand harvests. When all is granted that the baldest skepticism demands, still it is true, whatever else you may think of Jesus, that he is master in religion just as Shakespeare is master in the drama, or Phidias in sculpture, or Angelo in painting; and this alone is sufficient, of itself, to give him human leadership, until some one can think or see or utter a grander and more godlike truth than he.

If now it is objected that some of the best living, even according to this standard, is outside of the churches, and that many of the most humanitarian projects and truest reforms are initiated and led by those who are not only outside of, but antichurch, and who call themselves antichristian, I shall perhaps grant the fact, and yet shall not, for that, give up any-

thing of my claim for Christianity. Christ himself taught, "He that is not against us is for us," and that he who said "I will not," and yet went, is better than he who said "I go, sir," and went not. And an apostle said, "He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his." And once more, Christ said, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." Not he who knows a theory, but does not conform to it, but rather he who conforms to it, though he do not know it, is the one to be approved by the test of truth. He who disclaims the name, then, is a Christian, if he know the spirit of Christ, and be living out his ideal. While the selfish bigot, or dishonest gain-getter, who buys ecclesiastical authorities or the quiet of his own conscience, by the gift of a theological seminary, is only a baptized heathen. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. But he that doeth the will of my Father."

And now, with one thought more, I will close. And this one thought is the crowning feature of the correlation which Christianity presents to humanity. It is fitted to be the universal religion by virtue of the fact that it appeals to, and builds itself upon the one universal characteristic of man. This is true of no other religion, philosophy, science, or system of the world. Some of these make their appeal to pride; some to ambition; some to sensuality; some to despair; some to fear; some to reverence of the past; some to pure intellect. But no one of them is central and universal in man. A religion chiefly intellectual can reach only the intellectual; one of fear, only the superstitious and craven; one of sensuality, only the bestial; and so on through them all. They build on what is partial, and can be no broader than their foundation.

But love is the one absolutely universal attribute of humanity. And not only is it in every man, it is central and dominant in every man. It rules him. It makes him. Whatever then can command the love can command the man. Love being thus the central, governing principle of all nations, classes, grades and men, the religion that can

make an adequate appeal to this may rule the world. Just this Christianity does, and no other. And herein he bears the unimpeachable credential of truth.

And now is it conceivable that this theory can ever be outgrown? As well might a ship-master think to outsail and leave behind his horizon. Old land-marks may recede and disappear; familiar constellations may sink down the sky; new continents, new climes, new people and strange civilizations may rise to view; but the horizon ever advances, encircles and holds them all. So may humanity sail down the ocean of the future. Old head-lands may sink; familiar forms may go down in the receding distance; new and strange civilizations and forms of life and activity and thought may arise, grow, and, in turn, sink behind and disappear. But this Christ-ideal will still be wide as the sky, and grand as the cope of heaven. Unapproachable in the blue and spotless deeps of its infinity, it shall still be the shoreless ocean for man to sail on, the boundless atmosphere for his life to breathe, and the limitless space to shut him in, and give him infinite room.

GOD'S BLESSINGS INEXHAUSTIBLE.—How insignificant, how atom-like, are the mightiest powers of man compared to the great Sun of Wisdom! From what source, my soul, does that great centre gather its life, filling all immensity with immortality; filling each soul, as fast as it can gather in the grains of knowledge, and yet hath in reserve ten thousand times, yea, myriad times more of worlds on which to shower his blessings!

Who shall speedily stand in his presence? We must gather him up in the particles of knowledge that he has given us; and they must be the God of the soul, till it has gained new powers of accumulation. — *Mrs. F. S. Adams.*

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

[The following has been handed to us as the copy of a letter sent to a minister who was settled near the beginning of the present century. We do not suppose that such a letter could be written now, simply because such sermons as are here commented upon are not preached. The words and the spirit of Jesus are prevailing more and more in spite of the creeds and forms, by which their influence has been impaired or perverted. We look on such memorials of the past as encouraging auguries for the future. — ED.]

Mr. _____,

MAY 3, 1892.

DID I understand you rightly in your discourses of last Sabbath and Sabbath before? If I did, you attempted to establish the following doctrines from Scripture, — namely, that Deity, ever since the transgression of Adam to the present time, has been using the most powerful means with sinners of the human race, in order to convince, convert, and save them; but all those means have proved abortive, have never answered the design of Deity, nor ever will, and all the hope you now have that any will be saved is, that God is possessed of almighty power, has the hearts of all men in his hand, and it is possible he may save some.

If I did not mistake nor misunderstand you, this is the doctrine.

That Deity has been using the most powerful means with sinners, is granted; but that those means have never proved effectual, is denied.

What should we say of an earthly monarch who continued to use the most forcible means in his power, for a great number of years, with his rebellious subjects, just in order to convince, reclaim, and make them return to their allegiance, when he knew at the same time that the means he made use of (although the best in his power) would never answer his purpose? Should we not say he was a fool, and incapable of governing his subjects if they were to return to their allegiance?

It might, indeed, be urged in favor of an earthly monarch, that the means he used were well calculated to answer his purpose, and therefore, if he continued to use them, they might take effect some time or other; but this will not apply to Deity.

If your doctrine be true, he knew, when he adopted the means,

that they never would answer his purpose, and he never intended they should. Deity never intended to save one of the human race by the use of means. He determined to save the few he had elected by an act of sovereignty, — that is, in plain English, he determined to force them into heaven, neck and heels, by an almighty arm of power.

If you think this is preaching the gospel, I pity you. I make no doubt but there are millions now in heaven, blessing God for the means he used with them, while in this world, to convert and save them, and that they are now reaping the blessed fruit of those means.

You express great surprise that there is no greater engagedness in religion, and that there are so few applicants for admission into the church ; but why should you be surprised at this? If people believe your doctrine, that means answer no purpose, except it be to plunge them deeper in guilt, why attend to any? I take it to be the natural fruits of your preaching, and am far from being surprised at it.

I have known, and can well remember, most of the inhabitants of this town, for more than forty years, and I never knew them so wicked, vile, and quarrelsome as they have been for ten years past ; and I don't hesitate to give it, as my opinion, that it is in a great measure owing to your preaching, whether it be good or bad.

I do not make these observations out of any personal disrespect to you, but the reverse ; for, as a man, I both esteem and love you. But such preaching as I have heard the last two Sabbaths, I abhor and condemn, and think it my duty not only to tell you so, but to use all the means in my power to prevent my friends, and especially my family, from believing it.

The foregoing observations are made under the full belief that I did not mistake your meaning in the discourses referred to. It is possible, however, the case may be otherwise. If it is, I shall be happy to be set right.

I remain, with great sincerity, your friend and very humble servant.

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY REV. S. S. HEBBERD.

BEYOND the river Oxus lies the now insignificant Khanate of Bokhara. For more than a century it has merely been one of the petty principalities into which Central Asia is divided ; and since the year 1868, it has been virtually subject to the Emperor of Russia. But this wasted little state has had a splendid past. Not many centuries ago, it was the ruler of all Central and Western Asia. Here the great Tamerlane began his career, and through his conquests the boundaries of the kingdom were extended until they reached from India to the Mediterranean ; after the down-fall of his house, there came other dynasties who ruled over an empire hardly less extensive. The capital — Bokhara — is said to have been in its palmy days the largest city of the Islamite world ; it certainly was the great emporium of trade between the people of Eastern and those of Western Asia. This city, now so shrivelled and squalid, was, not many ages ago, the centre of commerce, of learning, of political power, for nearly one-half of the Orient.

But we are interested here, not so much in the political or social, as in the religious importance of this once celebrated land. For here was also, in those days, the centre of Mohammedanism in its most pure and undefiled form. Here the Mohammedan theology attained a development more perfect, more consistent, freer from all foreign and corrupting influences, than in any other part of the world ; and here the life of prince and people was brought more nearly in accordance with the dictates of their religion. Here was established a religious and social polity, which, as Vámbéry says, "was regarded by the Mohammedans of three continents as the nearest approach to the ideal of the golden age of Islam." * This quality of religious purism, Bokhara still retains as the

* History of Bokhara, by Arminius Vámbéry. 1873.

poor remnant of her former glory ; and the country thus becomes one of peculiar interest to all those who seek to understand what, in many respects, is the most enigmatical form of faith known to human thought.

The purity of Mohammedanism in the West, from the very first, was beset by many dangers. They begin to show themselves in that brilliant, but too brief, era of Arabian learning, when literature, science, and art, driven from Christian Europe, sought refuge among the followers of the Prophet. The danger then came from the Greek philosophy, — the cold, clear rationalism of Aristotle gleaming upon the Arabians through the mists of Alexandrian theosophy. This influence, of which Averrhoes was the chief and final representative, threatened to rationalize all Islam ; it is difficult to imagine what would have been the result if the rulers had not come to realize the danger, and, with one blow, crushed Arabian philosophy so completely that never since has it shown the faintest signs of life. Henceforth the rationalistic tendency was forced to confine itself to the somewhat narrow field of theological controversy, — to the production of those countless variations from the primitive doctrine which have made Mohammedanism as much a religion of sects as our modern Protestantism.

Western Mohammedanism has also been very considerably modified by close contact with European life and its usages. Especially in modern times has this influence made itself felt among the faithful, in spite of their proud assumption of superiority to the Frankish unbelievers, and their fanatical devotion to the letter of the Koran. The mercantile class, becoming familiarized with the usages of European commerce, have in many cases learned to ignore or to evade some of the plainest Koranic precepts, such as those forbidding the taking of interest and the making of conditional contracts. The army, the public officials, the wealthy pleasure-seeking classes, have also become more or less imbued with modern ideas and tastes, so that the burdens of their faith weigh heavily upon them, and are often thrown off entirely. Thus the Islam of the West, rent by many sects and heresies, demoral-

ized by close contact with the influences of a higher civilization, has receded very far from its ancient ideals.

But the Mohammedanism of Central Asia has known nothing of these influences. A single embassy, sent by the King of Spain to the court of Tamerlane, was its sole point of contact with European life, and ever since, until a few years ago, it has remained completely isolated from Christendom. Even so late as the present century, two British envoys, who had entered the country, were thrown into prison and beheaded. Thus, from first to last, Bokhara has remained the classic ground of Islamite orthodoxy. No schism nor heresy has rent the fold; no profane touch of modern civilization has disfigured its banners.

Nor has the constant intercourse of Bokhara, either by way of war or commerce, with the far East, had the least influence upon its religion. At first Buddhism seems to have resolutely disputed with Mohammedanism for supremacy over the country, but its final defeat was so thorough, and its disappearance so complete, that no trace of its existence was left behind. Of Brahminism, the other great religious force of the East, the Bokhariotes seem to have had only the vaguest conceptions. When the Spanish ambassador was at the court of Tamerlane, they told him that the people of India were Christians. Brahminism and Mediæval Christianity, which really are closely affiliated in many points of doctrine and practice, seemed absolutely the same to these rigid Mohammedans who looked upon both from a distance.

The people of Bokhara were thus uncontaminated by any of those influences through which one religion is often insensibly modified by another. How they stood in relation to the heresies that sprang from the bosom of Islam itself, is well shown by the history of the famous Shiite controversy.

As is well known, the Mohammedan world has long been divided into two bitter factions, the Sunnites and the Shiites. The former of these accept the order of things that was established after the death of the Prophet; they maintain the legitimacy of the first caliphs, and put implicit faith in that

immense body of traditions which, in conjunction with the Koran, form the Mohammedan law. The Shiites, on the other hand, denounce the first caliphs as usurpers, cast aside all the traditions, and claim to be guided by the Koran alone. The traditions, they say, have departed from the teachings of Mohammed ; one of them, for instance, in spite of the Koranic prohibition of gambling, permits the faithful to play chess ! Upon such questions as these a discussion has been carried on for more than ten centuries, accompanied by bloody wars and cruel persecutions. The schism has always been an element of grave importance in the political complications of Islamitic Asia. The people of Persia are all Shiite ; and with them the spirit of sect has supplied the utter lack of patriotism, keeping the nation an unbroken unit amidst the countless changes of Asiatic politics.

Among the Sunnites or more orthodox party, there has always been a marked difference of opinion as to the manner in which their opponents are to be regarded and treated. The Mohammedans of the Ottoman Empire, although looking upon the Shiites as the worst of heretics, are not willing to cast them entirely out from the pale of Islam, and to number them among the infidels ; in war, they give the heretics the benefit of that Koranic law which forbids one Mohammedan to make a slave of another. This feeling, as Malcolm, in his history of Persia, informs us, is reciprocated by the Persian Shiites, who, in spite of all their rancor, make a great difference between a Sunnite and an unbeliever.

But the Mohammedans of the country beyond the Oxus — and this is the point which we wish to emphasize as characteristic of the people — look with horror upon even these faint approaches to tolerance and an era of good-feeling. Insanely fanatical in their reverence for the old traditions, they regard the Shiites of Persia as apostates, as men who have deserted the true faith, and are therefore worse than the worst of infidels. Unlike the Mohammedans of Turkey, they will not accord to the Persians the benefit of the Koranic law, but sell them into slavery as remorselessly as they would a Christian or a Buddhist. In fact, there is no excuse for an

atrocious crime so satisfactory and so readily given as that the victim is a Shiite unbeliever.

One among the many tragic illustrations of this took place towards the end of the last century, when the Emir Masuum ruled in Bokhara. This prince, instigated partly by his marauding instincts, and partly by his orthodox zeal for the true faith, made several grand forays into the north-eastern provinces of Persia. Among other places that fell into his hands was the city of Merv, one of the most famous seats of learning in the Islamitic world. This city the pious Emir sacked and totally destroyed. Not content with that, he broke down the dam of the irrigation works, thus rendering impossible the further cultivation of the country, and turning it into an arid waste; he then carried away the Shiite inhabitants into slavery in such immense numbers that able-bodied men were sold in the market-place of Bokhara for less than a franc apiece. From that day "the queenly Merv" has lain in ruins,—a monument of the almost incredible hatred that the Moslems of Central Asia bear towards their Shiite brethren.

Through such a wall of bigotry as this, no innovating nor rationalizing influence could find an entrance. The free-thinking tendencies, the love of philosophy and scientific inquiry that swept through the west during the palmy days of Islam, never passed beyond the Oxus: Bokhara, in the long line of scholars that made her colleges famous, numbered no Avicenna nor Averrhoes. She boasted rather of being the fountain of pure theology,—the favorite resort of learned men who cared little for polite literature, but were deeply versed in the old traditions, in casuistry, mysticism, and the subtleties of Mohammedan law. At least after the Mongolian invasions had left their depressing influence upon the intellectual life of the country, but little attentions seem ever to have been paid to literature, philosophy, or science; studies pertaining to religion were alone in vogue. While this fact robs the schools of Central Asia of the interest which those of Bagdad and Cordova possess for modern thought, it undoubtedly made them doubly celebrated among the orthodox

and conservative Mohammedans, who saw in theology the sum of all the sciences and looked upon profane learning as an invention of the evil one. To all such pious souls, Bokhara was classic ground.

This intensely religious spirit has not only characterized the learned men, but even the princes and rulers in that part of the Islamite world. It is naturally expected of every sovereign that he should always maintain a certain sort of official respect and reverence for the religion of the state, inasmuch as he is the chosen protector of the established order of things. But something more than this seems to be demanded from the rulers of Central Asia. There the ideal prince is not only a sovereign but a saint, after the Mohammedan type of course. He gains the love of his people, not by his just administration of their affairs, and fatherly care for their interests, but simply by enveloping himself in an atmosphere of sanctity. Many a monarch in Bokhara, who has almost literally waded through a sea of blood to the throne, who has maintained his supremacy by the aid of every atrocity known to the catalogue of crime, who has slaughtered thousands and tens of thousands, who has devastated whole kingdoms and impoverished his own people by his despotic exactions, — has still esteemed it a part of his royal duty to sit for hours, clothed in the garb of a beggar, meditating upon the greatness of God and the vanity of all earthly things. The greater his tyranny, the more ardent his religious fervor. The more exalted his power, so much the more abject is the humility with which he carries himself in the presence of the holy men, who are commissioned as the teachers of godly wisdom. Even the descendants of the mighty Mongolian conqueror, Djenghiz Khan, — as we are told by Vámbéry, — have been seen submitting to be soundly rated by fanatical mollahs, in the public mosque, blushing and meekly doing penance in the presence of their people.

Of course all this pietistic humility is not without its object. How easily it may be made to minister to the interests of ambition, is shown by the history of the Emir Masuum, one of whose atrocious deeds we have already recounted.

The Emir was a son of the vizir of the reigning monarch. Even in his youthful years he cultivated the society of holy men, and exchanged the externals of his rank for the beggar's cloak of the devotee. He passed whole days in the cloisters and mosques, engaged in pious meditations. He gave his paternal inheritance to be distributed among the poor, refusing to defile his hands with money that had been gained by fraud and violence; he went weeping and crying through the streets, dressed in penitential robes, begging pardon of all the inhabitants for the injustice that had been done them during his father's political administration. In the course of time, the people began to look upon him with fanatical reverence; heavily oppressed as they were by the follies and wickedness of the reigning prince, they implored the young saint to become their sovereign. But the crafty devotee felt that his time had not yet come; he answered these flattering entreaties by retiring into still deeper seclusion. He passed another year engaged in devout meditation and in writing a book,—"The Fountain of Wisdom,"—which enjoys a high repute among his countrymen. Crowds of fanatical admirers thronged daily around his hermitage, but he appeared only to bestow his blessing, and to breathe upon them his wonder-working breath.

But at last the affairs of the kingdom came to a crisis, and, in the year 1784, Masuum—yielding to the frantic entreaties of the populace—ascended the throne of Bokhara. Here the beggar-monk reigned for eighteen years, distinguishing himself by gigantic raids upon the neighboring nations, by relentless persecutions, by acts of treachery,—in a word, by a career of systematic and successful villainy that has rarely been surpassed even in the annals of Asiatic princes. But the notable thing—showing as it does that his pietism was not mere hypocrisy, but an integral element in his temper and that of the times—is that he did not in the least cast off the old air of saintliness after he had gained the throne. Absolute master of millions of lives, and surrounded by the magnificence of an Eastern court, the Emir still affected the humble garb and the ascetic life of a reli-

gious devotee. He lived in an old broken-down tent, went about clothed in a ragged garment of camel's hair, ate poor food from a dirty pot, and knelt for hours upon a threadbare carpet, absorbed in contemplation of holy mysteries. Whatever other duties were ignored, the interests of religion were never forgotten. A strange kind of inquisition was established. An officer called "the guardian of the law of religion" went daily through the streets, catechizing the people concerning theological matters, and accompanied by a body of policemen armed with long whips for the chastisement of those who could not properly answer the questions of their examiner. "Negligence in attending the mosques, or of the enjoined hours of prayer, was visited in the first instance with severe corporal punishment, the second time with death." All in all, it was a model reign of a model prince, after the fashion of Central Asia. Throughout his whole career, Emir Masuum remained the ideal of the populace; they looked with ever-increasing reverence upon their great king, this "shadow of God upon earth," who went about clad in the patched mantle of a dervish. Even the Bokhariotes of the present day remember the reign of the saintly Emir Masuum as the most glorious period of their recent past; they are never weary of talking about those millennial times when a beggar ruled, and no one dared to disobey the precepts of the Holy Book.

The case of Emir Masuum is but one of the many instances showing the pious fervor that has always animated the princes of Bokhara. Three sovereigns of the preceding dynasty, one after the other, exchanged the sceptre for the pilgrim's staff, and descended from a brilliant throne to pass the rest of their lives in the dust before the tomb of the Prophet. The son of Emir Masuum, although far less skillful in government, was at least the equal of his father in religiosity. During his long reign he used to spend several hours each day listening to theological lectures, or praying in the cloisters; and it is said that the people of the capitol wept with joy whenever they beheld their sovereign walking through the streets, with bowed head and leaning upon a stick, in

order to imitate the holy men. The rulers in every part of the Islamitic world have always prided themselves upon their devotion to the true religion ; but it is only in Central Asia that the sovereign seeks to become a living saint.

As might be naturally expected from these recitals, the religious teachers or holy men have here gained an over-mastering influence, such as is accorded them in no other Mohammedan land. The Brahmins of India, in their palmy days, hardly surpassed the mollahs of Central Asia in dignity and power. This sacerdotal tendency — so foreign to the original spirit of Islam, where the priestly element was entirely swallowed up in the secular — began to first manifest itself in Bokhara at the time of the Mongolian invasions. The Mongols, with the instinctive feeling of barbarians towards all men of priestly character, regarded the mollahs, or religious teachers of the land, with superstitious awe ; and thus the latter found themselves enabled to exert no inconsiderable degree of influence for the protection of their conquered and oppressed countrymen. The people, in their sore extremity, naturally availed themselves of this protection. In almost every town there was some holy man to whom the Moslems had recourse in the day of peril. In this way a habit was formed which soon took deep hold of a people naturally inclined to bigotry and fanaticism. The mollahs have been regarded for centuries, not only as religious teachers, but as secular guides and protectors ; believed to be in the possession of miraculous powers, regarded with awe and abject humility by princes and people, they have risen to a supremacy unknown in any other part of Islam. If a prince finds himself driven to sore extremities in time of battle, he calls a council, not of generals, but of holy men : often, indeed, some celebrated saint is called upon to assume the actual leadership of the army. Thus, in the reign of Imamkulé, we are told, a mollah, renowned for his piety, placed himself in front of a small army that was threatened by an overwhelming host of the enemy ; throwing a handful of dust in the air, the pious man miraculously enveloped the battle field in thick darkness, beneath the cover of which he pushed his

columns on to victory! When men can do such things as this, it is not easy to set any bounds to their power; and it need not surprise us that these religious teachers have become the virtual rulers of Central Asia, founding and overthrowing dynasties, controlling by their veto the will of the most imperious despots, forming at all times a power behind the throne, and directing affairs as their greed or their ambition may dictate. Islam, in its formal constitution, is without priesthood; but never has there been a people more ruinously priest-ridden than the Mohammedans of Central Asia.

In this picture of a people steeped in bigotry, in superstition and fanaticism, one traces a perfect type of the Turkish nationality. For in Central Asia the Turks have long held sole possession of the ground; they have almost extirpated the original races, and buried out of sight every remnant of the ancient culture. Isolated from all foreign influences, they have developed a life according to the bent of their own innate tendencies. It has been so in no other part of the Islamite world. The Turk in Europe, even in Egypt and Asia Minor, is but half a Turk. In the West, he is surrounded and mingles daily with other races, with Greeks, Armenians, and Arabians; inevitably their spirit, to some extent at least, must penetrate his own. Moreover his sluggish nature has absorbed into itself not a few influences from the ancient culture which he destroyed; he has, as it were, reconstructed his own life out of the ruins of a higher civilization. And hence in superstition, in fanaticism, in stolid clinging to familiar ideas, the Western Turk does not begin to approximate to his brethren in the East. There only have the peculiar vices of Turkish character had an open field and full chance to assert themselves.

Our view also shows us the natural end of all purely Turkish attempts at forming a state and civilized society. In the West the same influences that have kept the Osmanli from fully asserting himself, have also preserved him from ruin. The large mixture of other races has neutralized tendencies that, left to themselves, would long since have broken the Ottoman empire to pieces. The Greeks and Armenians have

kept commerce alive, have greatly increased the industrial and financial resources of the country, have kept it from assuming a far more poverty-stricken appearance than that which it now presents. Add to this the interest that other nations have in maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and we see how the Western Turk thus far has been enabled to hold his own, and even to make a feeble show of progress. But in Central Asia, the Turk has been left to himself to work out his own political and social salvation; consequently, the course of events has been one of continuous, uninterrupted decline. As century after century the original population has melted away before the conquerors, in the same degree have vanished the trade, the peaceful industry, the learning, the wealth and prosperity of the country. From the golden age of Tamerlane this retrograde movement has known no pause; each new dynasty has left the people in a worse condition than it found them. It is not here a long-continued state of stagnation and immobility, like that which has characterized the empire of the Osmanlis, but a steady, constant decline, which, during the present century, has reached its final stage of wreck and ruin.

The capital, Bokhara, having retained a large Iraniau element in its population, has not fallen quite so low as the most of the surrounding country. And yet when one looks upon this squalid little city of barely thirty thousand inhabitants, — "one of the dirtiest and most unhealthy places in all Asia," — the story of its former magnificence seems almost incredible. One can hardly believe that this was once the largest city of the Mohammedan world, — that it was the centre of commerce for a continent, and a seat of learning where often thirty thousand students were gathered together, — that not long ago it could proudly boast of being "the support of Islam and religion." Our wonder increases when we remember that its ruin has not been brought about by the destroying hand of the invader, or through a removal of the seat of government, as has been the case with so many cities in Asia, — that without the pressure of any external causes,

it has simply dwindled away, by a slow, insensible, but never ceasing, process of internal decay.

What has been said of the capital, applies with still greater force to the country. The land has lost nothing of its ancient fertility; but the population has gradually decreased until it is hardly one-fifth as large as in former times. The industrial resources of the country have likewise been constantly crumbling away beneath the dry rot of Turkish inefficiency. Everywhere there is the squalor of poverty and idleness; nothing flourishes but the tyranny of the princes and the crass pietism of the people. Even the moral energies have lost their tension in this stifling atmosphere of decay; one hardly finds a trace of those peculiar virtues—nobility of mind, frankness, generosity—for which the people of Bokhara were once so renowned. At the present day,—as Vámbéry says, and no one has had better opportunities for judging correctly,—“Central Asia is the foul ditch in which flourish together all the rank vices which are to be found scattered singly throughout the Mohammedan countries of Western Asia.”

Such, then, is the land where the most orthodox Mohammedanism, and the purest type of Turkish life, have been working together for ages. In its present condition one beholds the sure prophecy of the future of Islam. What has happened here must happen elsewhere when the inevitable drift of Turkish Mohammedanism has had time enough to overpower all retarding influences.

One can also see, as we believe, the very means through which this end is finally to be reached. Russia, in taking possession of Bokhara, has revealed the beginning and the outline of a policy which, sooner or later, will enable her to take possession of the Turkish empire in Europe and Central Asia. It is not by any sudden swooping down upon Constantinople, but by a slow, insidious march from the East to the West, that her point is finally to be gained. On the same path over which the Turk swept from his native steppes to the Bosphorus, his Nemesis is to follow him.

We are aware that the ordinary view assigns a different purpose to these movements of Russia in Central Asia. The Muscovites are popularly supposed to have a covetous eye upon the British possessions in India, and to be slowly cutting out a path for themselves in that direction. Already, it is said, they have entrenched themselves in the heart of Asia; only the narrow territory of the Afghans separates them from their prize; before long the Russian bear will be found prowling along the banks of the Indus and the Ganges. These apprehensions seem very prevalent in England, where there is a chronic uneasiness concerning India. The feeling, it need hardly be said, is natural enough; conscience does not "make cowards of us all" half so readily as the possession of the treasures of India would.

But looking upon the matter from the stand-point of a disinterested spectator, there seems to be but little ground for these apprehensions. The conquest of India, although it may sometimes be dreamed about by the Russians, is a contingency too remote in the future to even furnish a theme for profitable speculation. Although it may seem, upon the map, only a little way from the Oxus to the Indus, yet, when we consider the obstacles to be surmounted, the distance really becomes immense. The Russians are already many hundred miles away from their natural base of supplies, and every step taken in the direction of India carries them still farther away into the depth of a country which deserts, mountains, and climate have done their best to render impassable. And even if, by some strange good fortune, they should at last reach the more spacious plains of Hindoostan, they would find themselves confronted by an enemy who holds the undisputed supremacy of the seas. So long as England remains the mistress of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, her Eastern possessions are in no great danger; the power that controls the highway of nations need not fear an enemy who is forced to seek a path over the barren wastes and snow-capped mountains of Central Asia.

Nor is this all. Even if Russia should, in some marvelous

way, sweep over these barriers, and conquer India, it is not certain that she would reap any great benefit from her triumph. Russia is no Mongol horde willing to sacrifice thousands of lives, and to imperil its own safety, for the sake of plunder; and beyond the paltry gains of pillage, her hard-won possession would not be very valuable to her. The real value of India to England is in furnishing a market for her manufactures, and a field of investment for her surplus capital. But Russia has no manufactures, or almost none; she needs all her capital, and a great deal more, for the development of her own territory. As for the public revenues she would gain, they would not equal the cost of defending so immense a territory under such unfavorable conditions. In fine, Russia in India would be forced to content herself with the glamour of conquest. She would have the empty honor of ruling; but the real profits would flow, as before, into English vaults. There is, after all, nothing very tempting to the Russian bear amid the tropical heats of India.

For this double reason, because Indian conquest would be neither feasible nor profitable, we do not believe that the great empire of the North seriously entertains any such designs. The prize upon which her eyes are set, lies nearer home, and is, to her, far more valuable. Only when she is securely seated upon the shores of the Mediterranean, with Constantinople for her capital, or at least her chief emporium, does she cease to be an inland power, shut off from the high seas, and compelled to pay constant tribute to the commerce and industry of more fortunate nations. Her religious impulses, likewise, call her in the same direction. For Greek Christianity will never be content until it has regained its ancient capital and avenged the wrongs it has received at the hands of Islam. Thus it comes about that the desire of Russia is centred upon one point. To her, Constantinople is worth a hundred Calcuttas; the little strait of Bosphorus is a more coveted treasure than all the rivers of India.

And it is this object, we believe, that the conquests of Russia in Central Asia have ultimately in view. From that distant point, she is slowly moving around upon the flank of

the Ottoman empire. Her next step is from Central Asia eastward into Persia ; and already we read that the Russians are entrenching themselves along the river Attruck, on the northeastern border of that state. The dominion of the Shah, in its present condition, could offer no greater resistance than Bokhara has done ; in fact, so wasted is that unhappy country by famine, pestilence, and misrule, that it would only be an act of common charity for some strong power to take it under its own protection.

For such a charitable deed, Russia stands willing and ready ; and its accomplishment seems only a question of time. Thus the Czar, with his hand upon Persia and Central Asia, would have complete mastery over the eastern half of the Islamite world. And the Sultan, beset both in front and in rear, with only his own feeble resources, and the still feebler charities of Europe, to defend him, could not long preserve the western half from the fate of the eastern.

What, afterward, would become of Mohammedanism, — whether it could live without the protection of the Turkish empire, or whether it would slowly vanish before the Christianity that it supplanted twelve centuries ago, — these are questions that we do not pretend to answer.

THE SILVERHORN.

BY A. J. RICH.

FAIR SILVERHORN ! we love to gaze
Upon thy form so calm and pure,
So peaceful, lonely and secure,
So mighty and so full of days.

Snow-crowned and beautiful thy brow,
Wondrously great, majestic, fair,
Triumphantly thou standest there,
And wilt for ages on as now.

Thy bosom is as fair as light !
Firm as eternal hills thy feet ;
Thy presence, to our souls most sweet,
Is radiant with divinest might.

The sun's rays bathing thy pure form,
So lovely, melts no single flake,
Preserving each for man's dear sake,
Hoary and cold through heat and storm.

Child of pure Jungfrau, lovely child !
No sculpture can with thee compare,
No painting can thy beauty share,
Babe of Madonna undefiled !

Thy Father is our Maker, God ;
Thy ministry a gift of love,
To lift our hearts to heaven above,
To help us sound thy praise abroad.

We bow in rev'rence and adore, —
We cannot turn from thee aside,
But would with thee fore'er abide,
And love our Father for thee more.

Farewell, dear Silverhorn, farewell !
A thing of beauty thou wilt be,
When mountains melt, and fails the sea,
Within our souls, Gods love to tell !

Switzerland, 1871.

“Oh ! keep thy soul forever absorbent to the revolving glories of time. Keep thy spirit in sweetest adaptation to the moment and the hour. Be forever mantled for emergency. Life, bright life, is the glowing theme ; and all creation's joys are ours to gather.”

THE TWO GREAT PROBLEMS OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WE believe that Unitarian Christianity is a universal gospel; that it is for the masses as well as for the cultured few, capable of stirring men to greater action, and giving them a more ample religious growth than previous forms of Christian truth. But, before it can become the supreme gospel of the race, two problems must be solved.

First, there must be found some motive power to outward action equal to the orthodox doctrine of eternal punishment. Horrible as this doctrine appears to the refined imagination, it is a tremendous motive power, both to the selfish and unselfish. Those who have not the least bit of religious life, through fear support orthodoxy. Millions keep within its fold because they wish to be on the safe side. Even a faint belief has a prodigious effect in making them attend public worship, and contributing to the funds of orthodoxy.

But infinitely more powerful and valuable is the effect which this doctrine produces upon the unselfish soul. What a desire possesses it to save men from their awful doom! No wonder it is willing to give up every earthly enjoyment, to leave father and mother, to toil day and night, to meet every danger, to die if need be, in order to pluck one sinner as a brand from the burning. Say what we will about its barbarism, this doctrine is a tower of strength to orthodoxy. It is that which enables it to raise so many millions, year by year, for its magnificent missionary work. It is that which makes its preachers eloquent. What sensitive soul can stand before an "unconverted" congregation, believing that it is in danger of hell fire, without being moved to do his very best? If one calmly thinks, that, on the whole, the world is about right, he may say fine things, but will he be eloquent as Whitefield was eloquent? Has he that imperious motive to kindle him to transcendent action?

How shall Unitarian Christianity so conceive of sin and punishment that their awfulness and terror shall be apparent, that all our sympathies shall be moved to help men, that that we shall be full of a burning zeal, and possessed with a strong desire, so that what others have nobly done to save from a future hell we shall more nobly do to save from a present one? This is a question worthy of our profoundest consideration.

The second problem is, to find a form of truth that shall make God as near and helpful to the soul as the orthodox doctrine of the deity of Jesus. However absurd this doctrine is to the understanding, it is wonderfully sweet to the heart. Orthodoxy disregards reason: but it does so with a mighty success. The accurate Unitarian may call Jesus the son of God, a noble man, but this does not make him nearly so inspiring to the common heart as to call him the Absolute God. It may be shown that this doctrine is illogical, and contrary to the words of Jesus and his disciples. Yet millions cling to it with a tender tenacity. Think how precious indeed Jesus must be to those who really believe him God. Discrown him of this infinite splendor, and how small and meagre he looks! For when made less than God he is made infinitely less. Orthodoxy flouts reason: but it conquers the feeling. It is, in fact, based upon the profoundest needs of humanity. It appeals to man's fears and hopes and aspirations. It makes God dreadful, yet at the same time loving; wrathful, yet wonderfully tender; a sovereign, yet a brother, a friend, a companion, a helper. It will not do to sneer at orthodoxy; nor can it be overthrown by cold criticism. Not much is accomplished when it is proved that Jesus is not God. When we do this, he ceases to be a central fact, a leader, a saviour. Only God in his infinitude can be these. Only he can satisfy our uttermost needs. No finite being, however perfect and glorious, can do it.

What form of truth, then, has Unitarian Christianity to offer in the place of the doctrine of the deity of Jesus that shall make God as near, as real, and as helpful to the human soul?

It is well to understand the needs of the hour, and our capacity to fulfill them. These are the problems to solve; and, if not solved, Unitarian Christianity is a failure. As yet, nothing takes hold of the masses like the venerable doctrines of orthodoxy. The liberal missionary may gather a few choice spirits here and there, and keep a bright light burning. But, with the vast majority, what he says has no effect; while orthodoxy, delivered with little variation from Sunday to Sunday, produces marvelous results.

Still, orthodoxy must be displaced. It disregards the reason, which will finally win. But there must be a gospel for man's passions as well as for his intellect; for the passions are ever the most potent factors of his growth.

Unitarian Christianity may have "sweet reasonableness," but, if nothing more, it will not do. It must rouse humanity, and satisfy its passionate wants. Orthodoxy has been most wonderfully effective in this direction. Will Unitarian Christianity be so, and how? Will it bring God as close, and make him as sweet, to the struggling, aching, almost despairing heart of humanity as orthodoxy has? And what will be its motive power to outward action?

I have felt and seen the value of orthodoxy, but have given it up. Yet I sometimes almost wish I could believe it. Unitarian Christianity, in its present form, is not all that I desire. It is cultured, learned, helpful in many things; but it is not yet a mighty working force. Outside of Boston it depends for its popularity upon the men who preach it, not upon what it is. Dr. Sears says that Christianity was a new influx of Divine power. Is Unitarianism a new influx of Divine power, or is it only a philosophy made momentarily popular by a few fervid orators?

I ask these questions in all sincerity and earnestness. I know that the doctrines of orthodoxy exert a sweet and mighty power upon the masses. Will Unitarian Christianity do the same? So far, we must confess that it has not; and, if this lack continues, it will not become a universal gospel.

RESPONSIBILITY.

A SERMON. BY REV. JOHN M. GREENE.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

— ROMANS xiv. 12.

It is a remarkable fact that some Christians use as watch-words terms that have no place, not even so much as once, in the Bible. "Responsibility," which to some disciples more earnest than wise is the staff on which they lean, and the food on which they feed, belongs in that category. As a word it is not to be put under ban, for it is capable of doing admirable service ; but, as often used, it is a perverted word, and needs to be brought back to its true province of meaning. Many words become perverted in their meanings,—that is, they are twisted out of their proper signification, have, through somebody's ignorance or sin, false notions attached to them, so that they become the vehicles of erroneous ideas, and then, like wandering stars, spread desolation in their track.

"Corban" was originally a noble word. It meant an offering, sacrifice, or oblation of any kind, devoted to God. But in the time of Christ it meant a vow by which a wicked child might escape from aiding needy and suffering parents.

"Penitence" is full of gospel import ; but the Romish Church has made it mean, to two hundred millions of people, self-inflicted pain and labor, such as fasting, flagellation, wearing chains, and pilgrimages.

"Sovereignty," as applied to God, should carry a sublime and comforting truth ; but infidelity makes it teach that man is not an accountable being, and that God is the author of sin.

This process of wresting words from their proper sense, and converting them into baggage-wagons of error, is only too common. The word "responsibility" has thus suffered. It has been made by many a mere handle to which to attach a lash for the scourging of the indolent. The rose has a

thorn, but no rose is all thorn. Responsibility has a spur, but it is not all spur. This word has performed excellent service in the church, and will continue to do so as long as it is confined to its true signification. If it has a wrong meaning attached to it, this, like all other error, will bear bad fruit. The armory of the church should be supplied with true and genuine instruments of warfare. A soldier who uses one counterfeit weapon falls into suspicion or contempt with all his weapons. It is "by the manifestation of the *truth*" that we are to "commend ourselves to every man's conscience."

Responsibility means nearly the same as accountability. It has reference to things, not persons. One is responsible for a trust, an office, a debt, or for the discharge of duty. The word is never properly used when it makes one person responsible for the moral acts of another. This must be so if each person is a free, accountable being. If I cannot control others' wills, or free moral acts, I cannot become accountable for them. The Bible accordingly says, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

The ideas that are often attached to the word "responsibility" are both unscriptural and contrary to the common notions of mankind in respect to justice. It is made to teach an untruth. But no untruth can prosper. Truth is the most beautiful and profitable thing in the universe. And "truth will be uppermost, one time or another." The sainted George Herbert says, "Nothing can need a lie. A fault which needs it most grows two thereby."

The church needs the truth as to the word "responsibility," so often on the lips of her members. The spiritual life of a church may be killed by an improper handling of this instrument. Just as strong stimulants, taken into the body, run the life-forces to speedy exhaustion; then languor, feebleness, if not death, follow: so in churches the dullness and insensibility which follow the use of error as a stimulant are appalling. The surest way to render a church or Sabbath school "twice dead, plucked up by the roots," is to apply vigorously, by unskillful hands, the stimulant or scourge of an erroneous sense of responsibility.

It is a fundamental principle in reason, in morals, in religion, that no person can be responsible for the moral character of any one but himself. We owe *duties* to others. No one lives, or can live, a separate and independent being in society. The great second principle of the Divine law is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To be just and righteous towards our neighbor, doing for him all that *equal* love requires, is burden enough to rest on any one. This does not, however, transport us into a region over which we can have no control, and hold us accountable for what is done there. Bidding us use with the utmost faithfulness the means for the moral and spiritual benefit of others, it does not then charge the guilt of the misimprovement of those means on us. It rather charges us to do our whole duty to our fellow-men; then our responsibility ceases. Duty, in all its fullness, is ours; the results of duty depend on the free wills of others. A parent owes *duties* to his children. Those duties he can and should discharge. Then he is not accountable for the action or the character of those children. He throws the responsibility over upon the children themselves. The guilt is theirs if they are unholy.

The elder Jonathan Edwards was the father of ten children. Probably never were holier or wiser parents than Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They instructed and trained up their children with the greatest diligence, in the fear of the Lord. All of them, but one son, attained to great holiness of character and usefulness of life. That one matured into a bad man. As many prayers were offered for him, as much instruction was given to him, as good example was set before him, but he developed into a child of iniquity. There is not, however, the least reason for supposing that Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, or others, did not discharge their whole duty to that son, so that the guilt of his base character and iniquitous life rests wholly on him.

The same is true of Aaron Burr. No one ever had more godly and faithful parents and instructors, or better home-training, than he. The guilt of being what in manhood he was lay at his own door. If his parents and guardians per-

formed their *duties* to him, they could not, if they would, go further and assume responsibility for the results of those duties. God has put an impassable barrier between duty and responsibility. Parents cannot become responsible for the characters and lives of their children. They can use such means as are best fitted to render them good citizens, holy and useful men ; but those means may, in one case, be a savor of life unto life, while in another case they will be a savor of death unto death, just as the one on whom they are used wills. The same sunshine shapes the flower full of fragrance and beauty, and lifts the miasm that scatters death in its track.

This principle of *personal* responsibility applies to the Sabbath-school teacher. The teacher is sometimes told, when he takes a class, that he becomes responsible for the salvation of all those souls ; they are put into his hands, and their destiny of bliss or woe rests with him. But nothing can be more false, nothing so crushing to the teacher, or so deadening to the pupil. The teacher simply engages to perform certain *duties* to those pupils, which duties he can and should discharge ; but responsibility for the soul's salvation or destruction rests with the pupils. The teacher cannot repent for them, nor believe, nor reform the life. There is not one moral act which the teacher can perform in their stead. Their wills, their affections, their choices, the decisions of their moral nature, the teacher cannot control ; therefore he cannot be accountable for them.

Nothing will so enchain the attention of a Sabbath-school class as to awaken in them the feeling that the teacher is giving them light on most important subjects, and they must answer for the use they make of it. So nothing will render a class so indifferent and reckless as to hear it said that their teacher is *responsible* for their salvation. I should absolutely refuse to take a class in such a school. I should not *dare* to assume the responsibility, if I thought that by taking the class I should assume it ; nor should I expect any success in the conversion of my pupils when the fundamental principle in their conversion, a sense of *personal* accountability to God, was destroyed.

The same principle holds with respect to a minister of the gospel. No sane man would dare to take the office if thereby he became responsible for the souls of his hearers. The minister is responsible only for the faithful discharge of all his duties. Those duties he can, God helping him, fully perform. Then the responsibility for salvation lies wholly on his hearers. It is said that George Whitefield often closed his sermons with these words: "My hearers, I have unfolded God's truth to you, and urged you to accept it. I have done my whole duty to you; now I beseech you, without delay, to do your duty to God and yourselves." Then, with an unburdened and cheerful heart, he left the pulpit. At a "Christian Convention," held in Springfield, in 1868, one man stated that "the church is responsible for every soul that is lost;" a "young convert" said, with considerably severity of tone, that "the responsibility of the ten best years of his life spent in sin rested on his Sabbath-school teacher." Not very good evidence did that "convert" give of conversion by the Divine Spirit. In almost any report of a Sabbath-school convention you will read that "teachers are responsible for the salvation of their pupils."

One evil of such doctrine is that it is not only false but ruinous. The wild and reckless son of pious parents said to the writer, when he urged that son to abandon his cups and reform from his life of sin, "I have no anxiety about myself; I think my father and mother will pray me into heaven." It said that Aaron Burr would not believe that he was dying, when thus told by his physician, because he believed that the prayers of his godly ancestors must, before his death, secure his conversion. He had put the salvation of his soul into their keeping. They had striven and pleaded for it, and, since the boon had not yet come, it was not time for him to die. But he did die then, and with the same character that he had borne during his life. Responsibility is a line running between Charybdis and Scylla. The whirlpool is as destructive as the rock. It is wisdom to go clear of both.

By all right means should Christians be urged to faithfulness in labor and importunity in prayer. They should feel

the burden of *duty*. They should have the spirit of the drummer-boy, who, amid the dangers and hardships of the Crimean War, wrote home to his mother, ending his letter with the words, "But, mother, it is our duty, *and for our duty we will die*;" or of Mary Lyon, in those oft-repeated words to her pupils: "There is nothing in all the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know and do all my duty;" or of Jonathan Edwards: "Resolved, to do nothing but my duty." *Duty* embraced and filled out the whole of life to him. *Duty* should be everything to the Christian. He should do his duty though the heavens fall. But when predictions are made as to certain and positive results, we have taken a step too far. "Duties are ours, events are God's." Results in Christian work depend on the free and independent wills of others. Even Christ taught and labored with infinite wisdom, but not all for whose good he toiled were brought into the kingdom. Paul was a most skillful worker in the vineyard, but how many did he labor with and for without securing their salvation. So children may have most devoted parents and teachers, yet be lost. The experience of every pastor bears witness that such children often die without hope. Such children will never make the needed exertion to make their own calling and election sure, unless they deeply feel that, "if they are wise, they are wise for themselves; but that if they scorn, they alone must bear it." "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

Another evil of the above-mentioned erroneous view of responsibility is, that it repels from the church many persons of discrimination, reason, and sound judgment. They know that it is contrary to the fundamental principles of our being; it is opposed to the law of God as written in the constitution of the human soul; and they imbibe contempt for a church that teaches it. It is worse than religious *cant*; it is *error* in its deadliest form, and they refuse to be abettors of it. This is the cause of the aversion of not a few good men — men of liberal education and generous culture, and of influence — from the active work of building up the kingdom of God. God says, "Let us reason together." Paul "reasoned" with

his hearers. The preacher and the teacher need now to satisfy the *reason* of them to whom they speak, as well as to make an appeal to the emotions or the conscience.

Lest my meaning be misapprehended, allow me to add, that I would not withhold *any proper* motive to stimulate Christians to greater activity and earnestness in the work of Christ. Souls are perishing for the need of holy men and women to come and give them the "bread of life." But I would not for any consideration use an *improper* motive, or a *falsehood*; for the fruit of it would be evil continually. No deadness comes on a church like that which follows the use of wrong means to work on the sensibilities or the fears.

"Wrongs do not leave off where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course."

On the other hand, I would deepen on the part of them who are not Christians a sense of their *personal* accountability to God. Responsibility is *personal* in its truest and exactest sense; and equally so for the ungodly and the godly. There is no one who, if he fails of salvation, will not be compelled to confess, "I am my own destroyer." No Sabbath-school teacher can take your responsibility, no minister can, however imperfectly he may set forth the truth, no member of any church, nor any church, nor Christian parents or companions, but the guilt of impenitence and sin rests with each of us. Every opened door of the sanctuary, every Sabbath bell, every monition of conscience, every whisper of the Spirit, every entreaty of Christian friends, invites us to come to God, and make him our refuge and our soul's delight. If we shut our hearts against all this, and refuse to choose God as our chief good, the guilt and burden must be forever our own. Not even Omnipotence could lay it on another. "Every one shall give account of *himself* to God."

DUTY AND LOVE.*

BY W. M. BICKNELL.

THE feeling that we ought to do a thing, relating to the moral and spiritual nature, is distinct from the feeling that we love to act in that direction ; and, in the order of Providence, regarding the education of humanity, it comes before the love expressing itself thus. This is as we should expect ; for love is the flower and fruit of religious culture, and must, in its fullness to the individual and the race, appear last. We shall find it, I think, to be so.

So, according to this statement, the wisdom of God finds a way, in our immature minds, for starting man towards the accomplishment of his destiny, though the unwillingness of a compelling conscience be the agent, leaving the thing sooner or later to vindicate itself as that which we are glad we were driven to, and in due time as that which we shall love to enter upon without driving. It appears, then, that the sense of duty is a very necessary stimulant to have about one when there is nothing else ready to take its place. When a man loves money beyond measure (at the earliest awakes the love for things of time and sense), and groans at the thought of paying just debts, then very indispensable to the safety of credits, to a healthy state of business, to peace between neighbors, and to the treasury of the missionary society, is the inexorable voice of duty that commands to hold not back. This example suffices to point us to the condition, not unknown, far down, where things fall under the heartless dominion of power, ethical compulsion, and rigid law. This is that primeval state, over-lapping thus far, in part, all the ages where the beauty of the humanities has not very much sprung forth. Here we have a glimpse of that cold region in the world full of all sorts of conventionalities and forms spiritually lifeless.

* Revised from an essay read before the Connecticut Valley Conference, Bernardston, Oct. 8, 1873.

The social and religious life runs up, up, in the scale, and is marked by good, very good, excellent, vital, true. Life, too, runs down on the degrees, and is known as conventional, inane, empty, formal, death-like, false. In the latter case things take form under the absence of heat,—form that looks very well to the eye, like the congelations in the arctic latitudes, but very cold to the touch; while the presence of heat and of divine forces, in the other extreme, put on organization and beauty, delightful to look upon and to come in contact with. The world presents these two views,—forms, without the true life and forms with.

Now duty, as duty, is a form and nothing more,—only a semblance of reality, while love, in religion and the higher life, is clear to the opposite pole. The two may look very much alike on the outside. Love leads to action, and duty leads to action. But love loves to do the thing, and duty does not. The feeling of duty, as duty, is, "I ought to go forward in this right thing, but do not like to. I would give almost anything if it were all over,—shall be very glad when it is over." When a man *likes* to do his duty, then it is no longer duty, but love, that moves. The doing of a thing of duty is a good if one has nothing better to offer; but the performance of a thing of love is infinitely better. It is the highest, happiest moving quality in the universe.

It is hard to act from duty. When the religious life goes along in that way, it has not got into its true, easy-working order. That facile and celestial play of the soul is reserved for the mastery of love. So it can be said that the yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden light, only when the feet are in the latter way, and not pursuing the former rough path. But while love is the broadest and most efficient principle known, and is the absolute good, very great relative value belongs to duty, pioneering the road amid struggle and pain. And, further, while love does what it wants to, is not duty entitled to the greater credit, doing what it does not want to?

The course of the world and of the man is, in religious activity, pursued, if not by the quick-footed emotion of love, then, by all means, by the slower and provisional instinct

which says the steps must be taken, like it or not like it. Far better thus than not at all. It is the first round in the ladder, leading to higher ones. There is no other way than that acts of kindness and the requirements of religion be reckoned as the constraining obligations of conscience, if not as motions of the heart and labors of love. Ever so much better that way than not all. If to go and see poor old Mrs. Jones, hear her complaints for the fiftieth time, and cheer her, is not a pleasure, but the opposite to the pleasure of sitting down with company of one's own choice, why then that office must be written down in the table of duties. On account of the weakness of the flesh, and perhaps a weakness reaching further in, many of us find ourselves sometimes dropping down from the love of a thing, and there is nothing to catch us and break the fall but the strong arms of conscience. Until the higher alacrities of our being be fully come in, we must often let the slower-paced constraints of moral necessity press and urge us on. If it must be thus, let it, while our feet wait for their wings or for the day of refreshing from the Lord.

Episodes of man's better, spontaneous nature occur all along the course of the individual and the race, but the general order of development is that of the dispensations, — Old Testament letter and law, and afterwards New Testament graces and spirit. The former is characterized by the "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," of morality and of early moral awakenings; the latter by "blessed be these" and "blessed be those," not subject to the goad of law, but under grace. There are none of the loud terrors of judgment where love is, but the soft whispers of the Spirit in the heart. The genius of Christianity is to come out from the narrowness and bondage of duty into the breadth and freedom of love. First, in the sacred writings, and in the line of human progress, the difficult duty of love, afterwards the easy love of duty.

The need is ever and anon occurring of the old administrations of religion which say, do this or suffer condemnation. That is when the springs of love do not flow. I often, says

a friend, feel myself back in Old Testament times, reluctant to do my duty, living under the threat of pains and penalties for disobedience. And I sometimes wish, says he, that our country might be screwed down to the dreadful beliefs of Calvinism, that the gamblers, swindlers, Boss Tweeds, and other villains, might feel, under that system, the awful necessity of being decent men. What a gain in private good name, and in public security and honor, if some millions of men were advanced from moral insensibility even to embracing a religion of fear, and coming under the lower sense of duty.

But the perception of the right, and the impulsion to it, being incomplete without the love of the right, we watch with interest to see this moral sense opening up into the affections, — the conscience of morality and religion melting into a perennial and easy-flowing love. God is not duty, acting from that hard principle, but God is love, in love reasoning and ruling all things. This latter is man, when the last seal is broken, and the soul is fully opened. This higher and divine part of our nature holding supremacy, there is many a person who has lived to whom there seemed no occasion for going into the court of conscience, except to obtain decisions of the moral reason, — not to get writs of execution. As respects the latter purpose here stated, that court of life and conduct is shut up. The business is all in other hands, — those of love.

With God, and this better rule of action, all things are possible and easy. So, on the score of a common humanity, of Christ's love and ours, the depraved, the hostile, the distant, destitute, and unknown, poor old Mrs. Jones, and such as she, are lifted out of the cold charities of the contribution chest, and taken to large, warm hearts. Love loves its enemies, as bids the Scripture, and would do good to all the world. This is the excellent, all-prevailing, and only blessed way. How high should we estimate the nobleness of our neighbors, if it were generally supposed they refrained, under the cover of darkness, from appropriating each other's property, only on the ground they ought not to pilfer? What sort of friends

would be ours if they invited us to tea once or twice a year just because they thought they must,—for that cause and nothing more? Not upon such as that hang all the law and the prophets. Duty, demure and long-faced,—simple duty,—is very religious in the mechanical observance. Hence if one's attendance at church is simply from the consideration of the right and the wrong in the case, that may be a good example, set before the eyes of others, but, as for the person himself, there is, under the cover of such a motive, ample room for the feeling that would much prefer the ease and enjoyment of home. The soul awaits its coming enlargement and the quickening of its immortal substance.

When the procession of steps to the house of God is headed by habit, or respectable precedent, bare social inclinations, by the desire of advertising oneself, or by the selfish idea of making it all safe in the divine hands, and by the conviction that without sitting in a pew there is no remission of sins, then it is that worship is not worship. As, in the idea of the poet, those who went to hear the preacher scoff returned to pray, so duty may go to meeting, and that is a good breaking of ground; but an angel's tear might well moisten the furrows, if they did not bring forth something better.

As a statement of theory, and of cold, logical fact, it is right to be religious and an obligation,—as a reality, not to be put under ethical dissection, and as a life, a man's religion is love to God who is love towards him, or it is very near to nothing, perhaps something worse. It is very clear that sacred and heavenly things, relating to the good God and to the good there is in all men, should be approached as a blessed and heart-felt choice. That only does justice to the situation. The word in these remarks upon which so much emphasis is laid is the one word which names the Most High; so then, for human experience and designation of the highest on earth, it is above every other name. True marriage is the outgrowth of love; the same with sincere friendship. Religion cannot remain on a lower basis.

So, taking man as a being of progress, and following that hint, we would eagerly turn from duty, as something hard, material, imposed, as good gold indeed, but in the lump, unreleased, weighing heavily in the hands, to duty sublimated, glorified, transformed to love, — to duty as gold coined, set free, passing lightly about for unnumbered uses, or rising up into the manifold forms of beauty. No matter how much weight of duty a person is capable of carrying, like precious metal in the lump, but, for its generous, happy, and most valuable application, not hurtful and even ungodly, let it be melted down in the warmth and glow of the heart, and issued with the image and superscription of love upon it.

The abounding efficiency of this greatest force cannot receive a too high tribute of praise. It is a solvent that dissolves away difficulties, — a power that fast annihilates distance between the heart and the goal of its aspirations. See a man that takes fondly to his avocation, pursuing it, not because apprenticed by unrelenting parent or guardian, but from strong inherent inclination, he is the one to till that field. He is in the line of natural, easy, divine energy and skill. His hearty preference is his authority and the pledge of success. The tendency, made elastic and bounding by the warmth of the heart, that springs forth to its object because it cannot stay back, is any number of degrees more beautiful, outreaching, and productive than the lagging effort that drags itself to its task.

We look, then, to see the most heavenly quality in heaven becoming the dominant one in man. We look, then, to see the temporary in human nature yielding to the permanent and eternal. We look then to have the sense of obligation as something imported, extraneous, another's choice, unblending, something higher than ourselves, the God of the letter and the law, breaking up and dissolving away into the sense of the spontaneous, inherent, native man, — self-choice, permeating the whole soul, something on a level with ourselves and which is ourselves, the God of the all-embracing Spirit in us. We look, then, to that moral disunity in man, which takes to the right because, by all the stars fighting on that side, it must,

may move out, and perfect reconciliation move in, obeying the divine will because by all that is in heaven and earth it would. We look, then, to see duty, the religion of conscience, give place to love, the religion of the heart. We look, then, as the wrong and irreligious disappear, to see this their moral guage and measure go out of use and fall away, as species, when outgrown, become extinct, and give place to higher forms of life, and as frond or branch drop off at an earlier stage, while the life of the tree, leaving the scar and outline, mounts up towards the skies, led on by the topmost bud.

Now, in reference to these two large generalizations, we live, as regards religion, in a marked period. We are in the trough of the sea, between a past, fear-inspired duty in religion, and the coming joy-inspired love in religion. In theology, at our very feet are now breaking into thin spray, sinking and dying away forever, waves that have had the impetus, the sweep and duration of ages, in them. It is thus as we look behind us. As we look before us, contemplating the ways of Providence, at our very feet have begun to ruffle and rise and gather volume waves that are destined to overspread the world, and to bear on their bosom, for all time, the greatest concerns of humanity. With the old churches which, with their square pews and sounding-boards, have themselves crumbled and gone down,—churches many living this day were wont to frequent,—have forever come to an end, peaceful or otherwise, a great amount of dogma, superstition and terror-inspired duty, that, time out of mind, drove our ancestors to the sanctuary. The weather stains do not yet very much appear on the new edifices, where the better administration of religion, waited for through so many hundred years, now first finds place. We are on one of the important isthmuses of the world, and very historical ground, between the past, that has arrived at its memorable imbecility, dotage, and a future,—an opening future already bearing wonderful marks. One of these marks, meaning something and very meaning, is the fact that, in that past, when sterner motives impelled, almost everybody went to church, and now, at the initiation of this new and dawning age, the multitude, restless or list-

less or from *some reason*, stays away from the house of God. The explanation may mostly be found, not in the self-satisfaction of science and impersonal laws, but in the nature and drift of our subject.

In this change we see the irreparable break and theological discontinuance between the bondage of fear, duty, dogma, that has had so long a run, and the amenities of freedom, love, and the love of outbreathing truth,—the sure harbinger of a better era. Is it said there is no general break and religious schism leaving antecedents that once prevailed no longer in authority? Is it said the power and prestige of the dominant sects contradict it? We reply, No great keenness of observation is necessary to show us that the popular sects still are such through the facility they have of bending and accommodating themselves to the great change that has been slowly working itself out in the public mind. They, with the rest of us, from the time of a no very remote ancestry, have made a long Sabbath day's journey forward. They have been brought along, whether they would or not, by the progressive spirit of the age, from terrors and subjugations to great disentrallment of mind and heart. If the strata of evangelical doctrines show no sudden dislocation, putting this decade very much out of joint with the last, still give us half or three-fourths of a century, and the angle widens upon the vision. If the evangelicals do not occupy the central hall of the New Establishment, a multitude of them, more than man can number, are close by in the ante-rooms. They have very much come over, and come up, to the summons of a "sweet reasonableness," and the graces of a tender love, as regards the two highest inquiries that can engage the attention,—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Dogma and duty and dread, in the crucible of common sense, and in the much-developed heat of this modern expanding life, have undergone no slight amount of fusion in favor of taking on fairer forms. Sparse the adherents would Calvin, if alive, find in the Old Establishment which he and Augustine labored at in building. Scanty their following now of the ante-Priestly and the ante-Channing sort. How

much better for the race is a belief in the sweet and beautiful system of the divine economy, may be guessed when we think, that, for the want of it, such men as James Mill and his son, John Stuart Mill, were *so* without God in the world, being utterly repelled from the standard doctrines of Christianity, so called.

Discipline or no discipline, there has been much bolting and self-assertion running the whole line of Protestantism, to say nothing of Romish disloyalties; and the larger and better part of Christendom is on this brighter and brightening side of the line, either avowedly or in silent acquiescence. Every faith, from the time of Buddha, has had its deserters, and the hope of the world is in desertions. There is now and then a churchman, not remembering the hole of the pit whence he is digged, or perhaps not quite set free from that situation, who is glad to find liberal Christianity on the way to extinction. Yes, we should say, as the morning dawn is on the way to extinction in its own rising splendors. Let the world look at orthodoxy as it was and is. Revolutions do not go backward. It is not to be entertained for a moment that the pretty little boys and girls, as they shall successive rise, will take up and carry on anything very much like the rigid and old-time creeds, falsifying all the signs of the times. The popular religion that was, is now a shell, and the possible bird in it, with brighter plumage and sweeter song, flown. The fractured walls are past mending and further tenantry by the good sense and aspiring love of the race. All the preaching, in any sect, that commands a large presence, has to be of the rational, tender, love-like kind. Plymouth Church and Park Street are essentially of the New Establishment. They have the new element of warmth, and most of the modern and sensible conveniences, discarding the dreadful kind of heat that was wont to circulate along the aisles and up among the rafters of the old meeting-house.

Unitarianism in danger! Orthodoxy,—to apply an old name to quite a new thing,—aside from its secondary concerns, its wealth, its upholstery, its preoccupation of ground

and family name, subsists, among learned and simple, at this advanced season of fresh revelations through the general mind and heart, only as it verges strongly towards liberal Christianity. Under the tough rind of the Thirty-nine Articles, what a fair-sized and good sweet core of liberty and love does an untold company of adherents manage to keep? No more interesting statistics, in social and religious science, could be placed under the eye, if they could be got, than the yeas and nays in this matter, especially of the younger and more intelligent evangelicals. Remove away opposition, so styled, the hardened and effete layers of creed waiting to be sloughed off, and it is believed the sentiments of the broad church, the church universal, of love, good will, and sound reason, would be found more than half-grown.

Encouraging is the situation, thus far, that is inside the household of nominal Christianity. But there is a large mass of humanity outside that keeps shy of the churches. If a bird's great grandmother, long time ago, were shot by a sportsman, that feathered descendant, by a natural law, would inherit a dread of musketry, and would fly into umbrageous coverts to escape the sulphurous discharge. The human race was once, and for a long time, dreadfully frightened by those shepherds. It has now pretty nearly shaken off its tremors and slipped the heavy yoke of duty and compulsion. Yet there are the thousands, with just enough of the ancestral dread, transmitted and lingering in them to keep them running at large, as much as to say, You do not get us into sacred enclosures and under the minister's battery again. They have forgotten how to be pushed by fear, and not yet learned how to be drawn by the power of liberty and love. It is the "winter of their discontent" and sterility. The stalks of the previous summer's vegetation, such as it was, stand dry and graceless, while the green and beauty of the coming sunny season have not yet appeared above the surface.

The operation of native depravity, as a permanent cause of indifference and irreligion, is not here overlooked. But in reference to these two wide cosmical movements, dead

force and living love, there is a multitude subject to neither. They are left between the two, not masters of the situation, with helm on, ready to be lifted and borne on by the incoming tide, but with boat aground, unmanned, not substantially and hopefully caught up by one thing or another. They are out of the Old Establishment and have not entered the New.

The very emphatic and highly practical part of this treatment is that liberal Christians should understand the important and historical position they occupy, — the first great, undogmatic position, man-like and God-like, since the early years of the gospel, when the Prodigal Son returned, and the one lost sheep of the flock was sought and brought back. Liberal Christians inaugurate the truly evangelical era, — after what a gap of centuries! It is theirs, having left the subsiding billow and taken to the rising wave, with the earnestness of their substance, their word, their life, to show the masses, discontented or indifferent, churchless, that there is an infinitely better way than there used to be. A great trust, only measured by the length and breadth of coming ages, is committed to our body, and to other connections of kindred faith, to manifest up and down the earth, to promulgate and make savingly felt, — the sweet and prevailing potency of love. Fear and trembling, because of sin and the pressure of duty to turn from self-will to the divine, are not out of date in an evil world, but they are rudimental, — they are only the first things in the substance of doctrine, the struggles of the soul into the true life. The true life comes from seeing the love of God and living in it.

The ages of cruel logic having well nigh flown, it is given to the emancipated, the highly favored, — “foremost in the files of time,” — to be devoutly faithful to the leadings of love and to the cross, the symbol of, and the pledge of, universal glory. When religion squares itself with such sentiments, expositions, standards, there will then be found a reason and a persuasiveness, strong beyond all precedents, to fill the churches. Then, while duty, if in the pews, would give five dollars for helping on the gospel, love, owning the same goods, will give fifty; and while duty pushes itself along with

much ado to the sanctuary, and thinks perhaps of bargains or sleeps while there, love flies to the spot, keeps open eyes, with aspiration and worship in the heart.

As Christ taught and lived and did good among men, not from a sense of duty, as the Father sent the Son to mankind, not from a sense of duty, as God, not from a sense of duty, creates and new-creates the world with men and women, boys and girls and flowers in it, but from the love of the beautiful, excellent, and true ; so man, from the same tune of the spirit, does his best, lives up to the highest in literature, in art, in religion, in society, government, conduct, daily life. Hence it is a very cold expression, — a sense of duty to our Maker who loves and gives us all things, — a sense of duty to our brother, the continued object of that Father's love, — a dragging sense of duty to society where the Most High delights to record the different stages of his wisdom and excellence. In these altered times, better for Christianity speaks one love-worshiper in a church than a whole house-full, moved by fear and duty, purchasing passports to heaven. Such the mechanics of religion, and such the vitalities. Love is in rapport with every good thing. It takes up into itself all the force of duty, all the reasonableness of reason, adding its own infinite grace. Love is God.

THE MORAL SUBLIME was never shown more impressively than in the serene faith of the victims of the late terrible catastrophe, — the sinking of the "Ville du Havre." Not a shriek was heard, says an eye-witness ; and even the little girls possessed their souls in patience, and waited the fatal moment in the calm communion of prayer. A young lady was pressing her mother on her breast, saying, "Courage, dear mother, — it will be only a minute's struggle, and then we shall enter heaven together." This serene self-possession, through the power of Christianity, among various classes and sects, and among such appalling surroundings, indicates, we think, not only deeper faith, but increasing enlightenment on the themes of death and immortality.

E. H. S.

FRANCIS TUCKER WASHBURN.

BY J. H. MORISON.

WE must ask the indulgence of our readers, if we should seem to them to give way too much to our personal feelings in the space which we set apart here to the memory of a very dear friend, who was only just beginning to indicate the place which his rare qualities of mind and character must soon have enabled him to take among us. When a distinguished man, whose life has been given to the best things, passes from us in the fullness of years and honors, having finished the work which was given him to do, we bow reverently and silently, leaving his works to speak for him. The community in which he has lived will do justice to his memory. But when a young man of uncommon gifts and graces dies before his work is fairly begun, only those who lived in intimate relations with him can know how great the promise was, or how great the loss. And therefore there is, as in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a desire to say more than what he has actually done might seem to justify.

In Edmund Burke's pathetic reference to the death of his son, after speaking of his superiority "in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment," he says, "he had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action." Then, his feeling of personal grief overcome by his sense of the calamity which had fallen upon the community, he adds, "In this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied."

The loss of a finished man—a man of decided ability, of education, of singular purity and honor, giving his mind to the highest studies, and his life to the highest interests of man and of society—is a loss which no one of us can justly estimate. The finer elements of mind and character which come as original endowments to such a man, the wider, richer, grander influences of education, in its broadest sense, by

which those gifts of nature are enlarged, enriched, and refined, and the singleness of purpose with which all are devoted to the purest ends, are so costly and precious in themselves and in their relation to the highest good of society, that we cannot subject them to any ordinary standard or method of valuation. And if this "finished man" is yet in the morning of life, with all its opportunities of personal improvement and advancing usefulness before him, our knowledge of what he was is but the starting point from which we look forward to the thought of what he might have been, if time and life only had been granted to him.

It is with feelings of this sort — a sense of loss which grows upon us as we think of it, from week to week — that we speak here of a young man who held no prominent position before the public, and whose sole ambition was to do his duty, no matter in how lowly a sphere, day by day, and to make some progress in his spiritual life through a better knowledge of the truth and a more perfect obedience to it.

Francis T. Washburn was born in Boston, Sept. 24, 1843. He was graduated at Harvard University, in 1864. He studied law six months in the office of his father, William R. P. Washburn. But he had a drawing to what he regarded as a wider and more sacred field of learning. He was in the Cambridge Divinity School one year, when he was called away, by the ill health of a sister, to travel with her in Europe, where he remained three years. During those years his first object was the care of his sister, whose health at times was such as to cause him extreme solicitude. It was only at broken intervals that he was able to pursue his studies abroad. But the opportunities for mental and æsthetic improvement were not lost to him. Soon after his return home he began to preach, with habits of study, with religious experiences, and knowledge much beyond what is usually possessed by young men entering the ministry. But the special training for the work of his profession was incomplete. If he had gone back to the Divinity School, and for a year or two had pursued his studies under the direction of the very able corps of teachers there, he would have begun

his work as a preacher under far more favorable auspices. The practical exercises of the school, with the criticisms attending them, would have added greatly to his skill in the selection and treatment of subjects, and to his facility of expression and power of utterance in the pulpit.

He was ordained associate minister of the First Congregational Parish in Milton, on the second of March, 1871. He was married the first of January, 1873, and died on the twenty-ninth of December, leaving "his dearly beloved wife to mourn his loss before the first anniversary of their marriage had come round." He was in his parish less than three years. Many of his sermons were only experiments in sermon writing,—studies rather than finished works. They revealed the processes of doubt and inquiry by which he was working his way into a deeper comprehension, and a clearer and more effective expression, of truth, on the greatest of all subjects. His hearers were made to sympathize with him, painfully sometimes, in the difficulties which he had to overcome. But those who attended his church constantly, and who became most familiar with his methods of thought, found the way clearing up before them, and views of divine truth opening to them with new distinctness and power. There was no excitement, no parade of sensational subjects, or use of sensational language. The single-minded minister of Christ, who had spent the week in his study searching through all its environments into the truth, came to his people on Sunday with the results of his week's work. Sometimes the results seemed to them, and to him, very unsatisfactory. But they were helpful, nevertheless, to him and them, as leading honest and truthful minds on through these temporary stages and processes of thought to grand and soul-satisfying truths.

Few ministers, in so short a time, have taken up so many difficult subjects to throw so much light upon them. The progress which he made from year to year was very remarkable. Not three months ago we heard him preach one of his earliest sermons, and on the following Sunday a sermon which he had just written. There was an immense distance between

the two, in fullness and freshness of thought, in depth of Christian feeling, in freedom and power of expression, and in that mellowing harmony and richness of style which come only from the deepest and holiest experiences of life. We felt that he was just beginning to preach. With his habits and methods of study, with his single eye to the truth, and his love of truth and devotion to it for its own sake, he seemed to us, more than any other young man that we knew, to be the one who should lay open to the rising generation among us the great truths of our religion, as can be done only by a thorough scholar and thinker, with delicate sympathies and an ever-enlarging Christian consciousness. What he did was but the budding promise of what he might have done.

It is a comfort to think of the impression which this young man has made during his brief ministry on some of the best minds among us. The Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester, in his New Year's Sermon, said,—

“Of one other, added to the year's dead, within the very last of its days, my heart urges me to speak,—whose early manhood was full of the best promise, as was his heart of a sweet and winning goodness, and his life,—so far as I was privileged to know it—of a consecrated fidelity. I refer to the young minister of Milton.

“There is to me a peculiar sadness in his death,—like what we might feel in a bright and cloudless morning enwrapped in sudden night—only that faith assures us that *his* morning is brightening on, where night and cloud are not, towards the Perfect Day.”

The following is from a notice of him, written for “The Norfolk County Gazette,” by one of his most faithful and intelligent parishioners:—

“It is a very great loss which the town of Milton suffers in the death of this pure-hearted and faithful minister. He was a man of public spirit, and attended to all the duties of a good citizen. He was present at the primary political meetings and at town meetings, and took his full share of service on the school committee. The clock upon the old meeting-house,—the first striking clock that the town ever had, and placed there by his exertions—will

long remind the citizens of Milton, as it tells the passing hours, of his generous and laborious efforts to serve them.

"The graces of his personal presence and character will be cherished in the remembrance of many persons. He had a singular simplicity and sweetness in his demeanor, in which there was always at the same time a reserve and gentle dignity, that told of a secret strength, and of resources not disclosed to every eye. His intellect was clear, vigorous, well-trained, cautious, free from illusions. The great pre-eminent longing of his soul was for the truth — the truth wherever it might lead him ; and this bred in him a sweet humility and openness of mind such as are seldom seen. Never did any one hold his opinions in a sweeter temper and tone of mind. He never dogmatized ; he often doubted, but seldom denied.

"His mere presence in the pulpit was a source of refinement and spiritual culture to all who saw him. Many lamented as they looked upon that slender frame that he had not a greater vigor of body. But in this very weakness the power of his soul was manifest, and there were those among his people who could hardly ever witness without moistening eyes the spectacle of his simple devotion, and the kindling of the pure flame of his saintly and aspiring soul."

The Rev. Henry W. Foote thus spoke of him at King's Chapel, on the first Sunday of the year.

"Amid the lengthening shadows of the closing year, there passed from earth one whom I am constrained to remember to-day, by a personal affection and sorrow, as well as by the brotherly bond of the Christian ministry. To some of you he was endeared by ties of friendship or kindred ; and to many more the recollection is yet recent of the spiritual beauty of his look, as of one who could be a martyr or a saint, when he stood in this pulpit two short months ago, — the last time that he ever preached outside his own church.

"He was as pure and high and true a soul as I have known. No words of the Gospel come sooner to the sorrowing remembrance of him than those which describe Nathaniel, in whom was no guile.

"He was born to do the student's work, so rare in our land and time ; and the absolute sincerity of his intellectual conscience, his mental candor, his loyalty to truth, while they made him a seeker who could rest in no conclusions but such as his own mind had

thoroughly probed, made him a teacher who was certain to bring back rich harvests of instruction for us all from the far fields of his studious quest. But dearly as he loved the quiet air of secluded studies, he loved yet more the ways of self-forgetting service, and could cheerfully put aside his books for the unselfish fulfilment of a duty which called him into distant lands, or for the commonest routine of his parish work, in which he delighted most of all, because in it he could labor for others rather than for himself.

"He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time ; for his soul pleased the Lord, wherefore he was translated."

"The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.

"So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

We give next extracts from a sermon preached on the last night of the year, in Hollis Street Church, by Rev. George L. Chaney :—

"Even while I write, there come to me the tidings of the death of one, my brother in the ministry of Christ, dear to me by the double ties of natural love and Christian fellowship, whose manly character, ripe in childlike grace, will give us all a sorrowing search to find its equal.

"Guileless as Nathaniel, he walked amid the dangers of this world, strong in his innocence and wise through love. A natural student, and furnished with all the material and incentive of the best University culture, he yet found it no hardship to deny himself the seclusion and study of books, to which he seemed called, but went the rounds of European travel, book in hand, at the bidding of brotherly love, and found in the Universe a grander university. To this broad culture, doubtless, added to a scholarly mind and a reverent spirit, was due that rare blending of freedom of inquiry with constancy of Christian affection, which made his character prophetic of the practical reconciliation of all truth in man's life, towards which our best faith now points. Here was one who could doubt with Thomas and believe with John. And Peter's final constancy was not more firm than his. Men who only saw the thread of his discourse, or caught the light of his smile, as

of a modest rill running and glancing in the sunshine, did not know the depths or the purity of the fountain whence these flowed. His soul was a Bethesda, troubled by the angels, that Earth's impotent and crippled, stepping in, might be healed."

The following words were spoken by the Rev. J. W. Thompson, D.D., at the Norfolk County Conference:—

"I have been asked to open the proceedings of this session by leading your thoughts to a subject which in some of its aspects is very sombre, though in others glowing and even radiant. You will follow this leading without effort. Indeed, I think you have on the instant sprung in advance of me, and silently anticipated, not my words, but those sympathies and emotions to the expression of which no speech is adequate.

"Since the last meeting of the Conference, it has pleased God to draw us into the shadow of a great sorrow. Our young and much-loved brother, Francis T. Washburn, has heard the voice from heaven saying, "Come up hither!" and has gone. As the disciples looked steadfastly toward heaven, entranced by the spectacle when their Master went up, so we, with a profound sense of the great mystery, yet with a full and perfect seeing, standing here in this mountain of the Lord's house, delight to trace the ascending steps of our beloved brother, till his spirit, translucent in its purity, passes within the veil, to be seen no more by us till our own resurrection is accomplished. If ever the lines of our cherished poet—

'And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven'—

had fit use, I am sure it is now, when we recall the vanished presence of our brother, and revive the impressions made by his life, intensified as they have been by his going away.

"The character of our brother has been so tenderly and faithfully delineated by his bereaved father in the church, and by his nearest neighbor in the ministry, that nothing seems wanting to the completeness of the portrait. And it is such a portrait as we shall love to hang in the library of our choicest thoughts and most precious memories and hopes. It is a picture, the serene beauty of which will have a perennial charm for our hearts, soothing them when they are troubled, lifting them up when they are cast down, hinting of higher and more peaceful ranges of aspiration and experience when they are oppressed by earth-born cares, or 'driven and

tossed' on the sea of life by the winds of a destiny they are impotent to control, and showing how possible it is for a pure soul to see God, and to rest lovingly in his strength.

"The traits in the character of our friend which all who knew him love to describe, are his singular purity, his utter truthfulness and sincerity, the sweetness of his disposition, his faithfulness to every claim of duty, his unselfish interest in, and devotion to, every work looking to the improvement and well-being of society, whether in its social or religious conditions, and the humbleness and docility of his walk with God. It was observable, even by those but little acquainted with him, how these traits had imprinted themselves on his countenance, or rather how his face had become a transparent medium through which was clearly seen the unspeakable and eternal beauty within."

A truthful and beautiful notice of Mr. Washburn appeared in "The Christian Register," written by his neighbor and friend, Rev. T. J. Mumford, in which it is said, —

"He was born to be loved and honored, but it took time and somewhat thorough acquaintance to reveal the wealth of his mind, the warmth of his heart and nobility of his high spirit. . . . In intellectual power and extensive attainments he had few equals among our younger ministers. . . . He was one of those men that we liked to see in the pulpit; in whose preparation of mind and soul we had unbounded confidence; and to whose influence we surrendered ourselves with a delightful feeling of spiritual security."

We close our extracts from others with a poem written by the Rev. H. C. Badger. After writing it, he doubted whether it was worthy of publication, and consulted his wife in regard to it. She, with her fine sense of what is spiritually true and beautiful, saw its great merits, and advised him to send it to "The Christian Register," from which we take it.

"FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

[The Norfolk Conference met with the Milton Church last October. Those present will recall the day, the theme, and the discussion.]

"Sweet soul, I think of thee
As we last met, when Milton's wooded slopes
October gorgeously
Flooded with light; and when thy face, more bright
Even than its wont, shone with thy spirit's light,

The while we sought to prove
Which better keeps and cheers a people's hopes,
Faith, Holiness, or Love.

" 'We need the three !' you cried ;
'Faith as the root, — the others stem and crown.'
'And, lo !' I said, 'beside
This servant's right hand, on this church's wall,
The crowning words, — "The first command of all
Is love to man and God :"
To quicken Thought and Work the words look down,
As sunbeams cheer the sod.'

" We thought not then of Death !
But had the fading glory of that day
Been as God's voice which saith
To startled hearts, 'Choose ye a messenger,
One without spot or blemish, fit to bear
And be first fruits to me,'
Hearing, had they turned quickly to obey,
Who had not turned to thee ?

" Go, thou, most sweet, most rare !
Another's life were done,
Gone from our vision ; but while thou art there,
Still art thou here : thy grace, thy gentleness,
Thy love, the marvelous sweetness of thy face,
Thy courteous sympathy :
Graces and virtues which in thee were one
Heaven suffers not to die.

" Quick in our hearts thou art
Already rooted, an undying joy,
An ever-living part !
Deep grief is ours, but deeper gratitude
Beside, that we have known a soul so good !
Sweeter shall all things be ;
Truth lovelier ; Life a greater harmony
Interpreted by thee !"

The following address was given at Mr. Washburn's funeral by the Rev. J. H. Morison, senior minister of the parish. The other services at the church were singing by the choir, prayer by the Rev. T. J. Mumford, selections from

the Scriptures by the Rev. A. K. Teele, prayer by the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D.

"Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." — JOHN i. 48.

"Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God." — MATT. v. 8.

"If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." — MATT. vi. 22.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know, that when he shall appear, we shall be like him : for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even, as he is pure." — I JOHN. iii. 2, 3.

These words bring before us the image of our friend, and carry us with him very far into the kingdom of heaven.

A little less than three years ago, we met here, by appropriate and solemn rites, to set apart as a minister of Christ a young man who was little known to most of us. Gradually we came to feel that the public services had been full of significance, because preceded and followed by the secret, continual, and entire consecration, which he was making of himself to his great and sacred calling. We welcomed him as a stranger, and by gentle approaches he has been winning his way to our hearts, and now we begin to see that we were entertaining unawares an angel of truth and mercy, who in all these months has been laboring among us to bring God's kingdom of righteousness and peace and love more truly into our lives. And so to-day, on the threshold of a new year, before its subdued greetings have quite died away, we come here with flowers and kindly offices, with loving, trusting affections, with hymns and prayers and tearful benedictions, to bid farewell to as truthful, as gentle, as pure, unselfish, devout, and loving a spirit as we have ever known. God be with us in this time of our bereavement.

For nearly three years he has been here doing the work of a Christian minister. He loved his profession and all its duties. No member of the parish was too remote or too obscure to awaken a genuine interest in him. If there had been more self-assertion in his personal bearing, and more of show in his manner of preaching, he would perhaps have produced more decided and immediate results. But then we could not feel towards him as we do now. He could not have grown into our affections and our confidence as he did. His life and conversation were so gentle and undemonstrative, his language was so simple and unexaggerated, that we sometimes failed to see how weighty and how pertinent the thought or

the illustration was. Here was a man with an original mind, and with scholarly tastes and habits, which must have made him a very learned man. Here was a man with a philosophical insight which took him at once to the centre of a great subject, and with strength of mind to hold it steadily before him while he made the nice discriminations which are essential in order to gain a just view of the truth. And then there was such perfect fairness of mind. A more truthful man never lived. In these great qualities, so rare at all times, and especially in these days of hastily formed and rashly uttered opinions, I know not where to find a young man to fill the place which he has left vacant in our profession. I hardly know of more than three or four men of any age among us who in these respects equaled him as a searcher after the highest truth. His essay "On the Communion of the Soul with God" is a model of philosophical thought, in its clear-sightedness, reaching down into the depths of a great and difficult subject, while it is not less remarkable for its nice distinctions, and the spiritual intuitions by which it takes us up from simple elementary principles to the loftiest and most inspiring results. I do not wonder that it was translated by a very intelligent gentleman, and circulated in Germany as admirably adapted to the exacting and discriminating mind of German students.

But this is not the place or the time to analyze his character. We would rather give way to our affections, and think of him as he rises before us in the duties of his sacred calling and in the daily intercourse and offices of life. He came among us a thoughtful, thoroughly educated man, with very modest pretensions for himself, but with great ideas of what a Christian life and a Christian minister should be. And every year we could see that he was entering more deeply into the mind and heart of Christ, that he was taking up into his own nature more and more of divine truth, that his spiritual vision was growing clearer and broader, and that in his daily conversation, through great accessions of happiness and great sorrows, he was transformed more and more into the image of Christ. There was an increasing tenderness, a softening pathos, about him, a bowing down of spirit as if under the sense of weightier cares and obligations. But we did not think that he was ripening so fast for other realms of being. He was a true, brave man. I could not see that the thought of himself, or of consequences to himself, ever had the slightest influence either on his judgment or his conduct. He had so subordinated himself to the higher rules

of living, that it seemed no longer a sacrifice to give up his personal wishes or interests. He was as docile as a child in listening to suggestions, but, in his adherence to his matured convictions, as calm and as firm as the polar star.

But, after all, the strength of his nature lay in his affections. With all his love of philosophical investigation, with all his scholarly tastes, and his joy in the higher walks of literature and art, with his sensitive and almost fastidious refinement of sentiment, his affections were more to him than all the rest. It was his love to man and God that made this place so dear and sacred to him. Human beings were more to him than abstract truths. A human soul, in the full and perfect development of all its powers, through the indwelling presence and spirit of God as he saw it in the great head of our humanity, was to him the truest emblem or revelation that he could have of the divine mind.

He loved to recognize the old-fashioned ties of kindred and neighborhood, and the delicate offices and relationships which grow out of them, and bind a whole community together as one living organism. He loved his friends. He lived in them. The members of his family were only more sacred portions of his own being. He felt a sort of obligation to any one who had ever been connected with them. Some of us saw how he devoted himself to an old dependent upon his father's family, who had been broken down by intemperance, and whose claims upon his means, his time, and his strength he held binding while he lived, and till he had seen him with fitting services laid in his grave.

He loved his friends and neighbors. He loved his brethren in the ministry. He loved to see those whom he met in our Conferences and social gatherings. He did not put his feelings into words. But he loved to be where young people and children were. He was always thoughtful for others. His actions, his bearing towards them, his yearning, though often hesitating manner of approach, his courtesy which never failed him, his gentle dignity, the mark of a lofty, lowly spirit, his look, and the tones of his voice, showed the reality and depth and tenderness of his personal feelings.

During his sickness, when hardly conscious of anything else, he often showed his thoughtfulness for others, and the feeling of thankfulness was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. Only a few hours before he died, he seemed to think that he was in the church with his friends, and with affecting earnestness he said, "I can scarcely speak — I can scarcely open my mouth. I want to thank you be-

fore we part. I have been deeply touched — touched to the heart — to find how knit together we are in love. I must thank you, friends. Ever since the beginning of my sickness, kindness has poured in upon me from every side, and I have found nothing but helpfulness."

In the last sermon that I heard from him, the last but one that he ever preached, are these words, which may fittingly be applied to himself: "Meekness, humility, patience, simple truthfulness, and modesty, — to these virtues it sometimes seems to me as though our times were specially blind. But doubtless there is something in the nature of these rare and fragrant virtues which hides them from the public gaze. They are rather private, personal, intimate, known only of those who feel their blessing. Virtue is indeed its own reward. There is in every worthy trait of character a native beauty. To live worthily is life in the true sense. Our moral nature feels itself true when it is living in accordance with the moral law, and rejoices in the harmony. Here upon earth, the good and faithful souls build the unseen kingdom, which is not of this world, though present in it, — here they build the unseen kingdom not for themselves alone, but for all who, led by right desire, seek to join them in their faithful life. And looking at the hearts of these faithful ones, and at their works, we are persuaded that the kingdom which they form and build is indeed the kingdom of God. To the virtue and the grace which we behold in them there is something answering in us, something rooted deep in us, the mystery of faith and worship, which unites us with them in sympathy and hope, and turns our hearts with theirs to God. By bringing his truth into our lives, by uplifting our hearts with the highest faith and the best hopes to which we can attain, we may grow into that grace of spirit, of which the special virtues are the fruit. And, among these various fruits of the Spirit, is this virtue of Patience, which begins with common tasks, but which rises gradually into a high exalted grace, upholding the heart, healing the evil, perfecting our life and work."

These are the last words that I ever heard our brother preach. "This virtue of Patience, which begins with common tasks, but which rises gradually into a high exalted grace, upholding the heart, healing the evil, perfecting our life and work."

Even higher and better suited to our present needs are these other words of his: "When we pray, 'Thy will be done,' it is most frequently with the thought that the evil in us may be subdued, and

our hearts resigned. But there is a higher consciousness than that, to pray rejoicingly that God's will may be done. In some rare moments in our own experience, in the lives of holier men, and, above all, in Jesus Christ, we see this rejoicing in the life of God, a conscious oneness of life with him. Thy will, thy glorious will, be done, sings the rejoicing heart. In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus says, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, . . . for so it seems good in thy sight.' That glad oneness of life with God, and delight in his work,—that is the communion with him towards which our prayers tend, that the eternal life which by God's grace we hope may be revealed in us."

And has not this eternal life been revealed to us in him? Have we not recognized in him the workings of an immortal power,—the inward glow and calmness and depth of a life fed from the life of God in the hallowed and hidden experiences of his heart, which can never die?

These flowers then are not placed here in bitter irony. They are to us the sweet and beautiful emblems of a life as sweet, as gentle, as pure and beautiful as themselves, and which, unlike themselves, shall live on forever. We therefore tenderly and lovingly commit the body of our dear brother to the ground,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,—in sure and certain trust that he has already risen into the eternal life. Great indeed is the loss to us,—to the cause of sacred learning, and thus to the whole church of Christ. Great is the loss to us all in this town, but especially to the members of this congregation who were beginning to understand his worth, and to love and honor and almost to reverence him. I dare not trust myself to speak of what he has been to me, and of what I had hoped that he might still be, till he should be called to do for me what I am now so poorly fitted to do for him. Of the loss in still nearer and closer relations, I dare not even think except with silent prayer to Him who alone can comfort and bless them.

But it is not all a loss. The life of such a man lives on in the hearts of those who loved him. It is an example and an inspiration. Such devotedness to man and God, a soul so generous, so self-forgetting, must quicken a kindred spirit in other souls. And then, we know not what offices of inspiration and instruction, what ministries of love and tenderness, reach down to earth from heaven, to hallow the ground we tread and every sphere of life, to consecrate our church anew by a diviner spirit, and fill our homes

and our hearts with the sweetness of hopes and affections breathed into them by dear and blessed messengers of God.

"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. Because I live, ye shall live also." "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with Him." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The following is from a sermon preached in Milton on the fourth of January:—

"The New Year opened sadly upon us. We were thinking of our great loss. Such a man as we were just beginning to know—a man so richly endowed and accomplished, so animated by the spirit of Christ, so earnest to establish the kingdom which is not of this world in the souls of men, so intent on doing good in the lowliest ways and in its highest form—cannot cease from his labors among us without a great change. It seems to us as if our morning sun had gone back into the darkness.

"Oh, no, my dear friends. Not so. Let us turn to that great ministry in Galilee, as brief as our friend's, eighteen hundred years ago, and learn that, though the sun at noon-day may be darkened, it never goes back. Dreariness and desolation and the blackness of the shadow of death seemed then to have settled forever on the hopes of the world. And yet the hearts of those bereaved ones burned within them, as loftier views and diviner hopes and affections were breathed into them by him while they were walking together sadly and knew him not.

"As with the Master, so with his faithful disciple. He is still with us, though our eyes are holden that we cannot see him. Every true word of his that we have received into our hearts, every incentive to duty and holiness that has come to us from him, all his example of courage and forbearance, of humility and strength, of service rendered to others in the entire forgetfulness of self, of bearing up patiently and cheerfully, though under many disappointments and sorrows,—every lesson that we have learned from him of Christian living, in prayerfulness and devotedness of heart and life, shall rise again in our hearts, consecrated by the

new and higher relations which death has established between him and us. Not from this pulpit, not by the wayside or in our homes, through sacred memories alone, — but from his heavenly sphere, as the child of God, in all the sweetness and majesty of heaven, he is speaking to us now. God grant that we may hear and obey, and so pay back the debt we owe him by living grander, holier, happier lives.”

SUNDAY.

WE think there is a great disposition to underestimate the humanizing, elevating influences of the Sunday services. Take two families living side by side, in any sphere of life, one of which attends church and the other does not. In the course of twenty years, the difference between the two becomes a very marked one, unless special pains are taken at home to supply the want of the public exercises. If the families are in narrow circumstances, and live in a remote part of the town, the children of one grow up careless of study and of intellectual improvement, loose in their morals, with no public spirit, and tending to become outlaws. Their neighbors are brought weekly into some sort of relations with the best people, and with the highest interests. Their week-day life is elevated by the thoughts brought home to them on Sunday. The children are more reverent, more orderly, and belong to a higher class. In one case there is a gradual falling away, — sinking to a lower standard of living, — and in the other, a gradual rising, with broader ideas, to a higher standard of living.

And this difference is not confined to people in moderate circumstances. There are exceptions on both sides. But where Sunday is used only as a day of recreation, it very soon degenerates into a day of indolence, of irreverence, a careless regard for others, unmindfulness of the best thoughts and interests of life. Such families, with rare exceptions, however admirable they may be in many respects, fail just where society most needs their influence, in upholding the institutions, habits, affections, and emotions by which the moral well-being of society is to be sustained in the rush and sweep of worldliness and its attendant lack of moral principle and religious fidelity.

A careful attention to this subject in its practical bearings for many years, and in many places, confirms us in these convictions. We copy with great satisfaction the wise and just views of the Hon. E. R. Hoar, as given in a report of what he said in one of our Conferences.

“He thought the great use of Sunday was, first, the rest and refreshment it gives; second, the opportunity it afforded of turning the thoughts to something higher than worldly labor and care; and, third, the furnishing, through its opportunities of public worship, one of the greatest instrumentalities of popular education. The Sunday gatherings for worship bringing together the rich and the poor, the happy and the sorrowful, the young and the old, once a week, to acknowledge they were all children of one Father, and that they were all brethren, did a service to human character and human life that no other institution of human society had ever equalled.”

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

VALEDICTORY.

IN assuming, "with much reluctance," the charge of "The Religious Magazine," a little more than three years ago, I spoke of "the studies, most grateful to my feelings, which lead to a deeper insight into the words and life of Jesus," and of my desire "to complete the work on the Gospels of which the first volume had been published more than ten years" before. My interest in those studies, and my desire to complete the work then alluded to, have only increased with the intervening years. I therefore gave notice, several months since, to the proprietor of the Magazine, that I wished very much to give up the editorship, especially if he could induce the Rev. Charles Lowe to take it. Since then, other events have made my wish a necessity. It is not without regret, and something of sadness, that I withdraw from a position which, though more prominent than I liked, has yet brought with it many satisfactions. The tie which binds an editor to his readers partakes of the character of a personal relationship, and in giving up the Magazine I feel as if I were parting with personal friends, whose good will and whose highest interests I have been in the habit of associating with the thought of my daily labors. I am sure, however, that they will not suffer from the change that is now to be made. For this reason, I retire without any misgivings, with my best wishes for them, and for the friend who is to succeed me.

THREE REMARKABLE WOMEN.

Three remarkable woman have died within a few weeks, — Miss Sarah M. Grimke, Mrs. Anna C. Lowell, and Mrs. Anne Adeline Badger.

Miss Grimke was a little more than eighty years old. She was born in South Carolina. Mr. Garrison said at her funeral: —

"To-day I am here to pay the last offices of respect and love to one whose rare virtues and beneficent labors entitle her to a conspicuous place among the worthiest of her sex. In view of such a life as hers, consecrated to the relief of suffering humanity in its manifold needs, embracing all goodness, animated by the broadest catholicity of spirit, and adorned with every excellent attribute, any attempt at panegyric here seems to be as needless as it must be inadequate.

"I have attended many funerals, but never one at which there has been less cause for sorrow or condolence than the present. Here there is nothing to depress or deplore ; nothing premature or startling ; nothing to be supplemented or finished. It is the consummation of a long life, well rounded with charitable deeds, active sympathies, serviceable toils, loving ministrations, grand testimonies, and noble self-sacrificing endeavors. For one I feel this occasion to be one of exultation rather than of sorrow. In her daily walk and conversation she exerted the finest influences, and was as fresh in spirit, and as interested in every new phase of philanthropy, reform, or progress, as though she were but twenty instead of eighty years of age.

"With two great historical movements she and her beloved and now bereaved sister (Angelina) will always be conspicuously identified, — namely, that for the abolition of chattel slavery, and the movement for the elevation and enfranchisement of woman. Though born of slave-holding parents, in Charleston, S.C., and surrounded from childhood with all the depraving influences of the slave system, they needed no conversion to, or knowledge of abolitionism, but from the beginning instinctively recoiled from the terrible iniquity ; and, subsequently receiving certain slaves as an inheritance, they immediately set them free, to the disgust and displeasure of relatives and alienated friends."

We first heard of Miss Grimke and of her sister, now Mrs. Theodore Weld, from Dr. Channing, who, in 1836, we believe, spoke of them with great admiration and respect. Few women have done so much in public for any great work of philanthropy, and none have labored in a more gentle and Christian spirit. No contact with the world had ever hardened their sensibilities or impaired their sweet and delicate womanly affections. They had suffered great indignities and hardships, but never seemed to cherish the slightest feeling

of resentment, and never, so far as we know, spoke of those who had wronged them with any other than the kindest love and sympathy. They were women of great strength of mind and character, but there was no office of domestic or neighborly kindness too low or too insignificant for them to engage in it with all the warmth of their unselfish and loving natures. We quote a few sentences from words spoken at Miss. Grimke's funeral by the Rev. Francis C. Williams:—

“While her mind could plan, her pen could move, and her heart could prompt, she was busy in the service of humanity, in every way, with her might and beyond her strength, in constant, nameless deeds of kindness to those in need in our own neighborhood and far to the South,—deeds which were wise and beautiful,—help to the poor, sympathy with the suffering, consolation to the dying. Her appeals were frequent in our local paper; her impulse was in all our lives. At this threshold there stood, but a day since, a barrel, not of luxuries brought in for Christmas, but one of a long line, of useful garments, collected and prepared, according to her system, to go out to the far South, to carry, not outward comfort only, but sympathy and encouragement to those for whom her heart beat warmly, even in her last sickness, and to whom ‘being dead she yet speaks’ in help and love.”

Of Mrs. Lowell and Mrs. Badger it is not our privilege to speak from any but the slightest personal acquaintance. And yet, in one sense, they both belonged to the public, and were doing a great work for the better education of women.

Mrs. Lowell enjoyed through life the highest advantages of social position and culture, and these, with her fine intellectual and social gifts, were used in such a way as to do the greatest amount of good. As a mother, as a lady exercising a leading influence in as refined and intelligent a community as is to be found in the world, as the teacher of a school for young ladies, and the author or compiler of books on education, as a patriot entering with intense enthusiasm into the cause of liberty and law, and giving up to it those who were dearer to her than life, as the active and efficient friend of almost every enterprise looking to the advancement and well-being of society, she has shown, as few women ever do, how

large and how beneficent a sphere may be filled by a woman of great gifts and high purposes.

Mrs. Badger was taken away in the early maturity of her powers. She was a learned woman. She had filled the office of a college professor without losing anything of her sweet womanly attractiveness. She had very decided ideas, which she held firmly, but with perfect fairness of mind, and a thoughtful kindness for those who might differ from her. She was becoming every year more and more a public benefactor in whatever related to the better and higher education of her sex. And her death, which has fallen with appalling severity on her own home, is a loss to the cause of learning and to the whole community.

BUSINESS FAILURES AND MISTAKES.

The failure of a great banking house, known throughout the commercial world, is a public misfortune. The mistakes of a great railroad man, by which railroad bonds to the amount of twenty-five, or possibly forty millions, of dollars are obliged to stop the payment of their interest, though in his private fortunes he may have escaped the disastrous consequences which he has brought upon those who trusted him, are a great public calamity. We have no reason to suppose that in either of these cases there was intentional dishonesty. But there was, in both of them, a most exaggerated opinion of their ability held by themselves and those who put their trust in them, and therefore they took upon themselves responsibilities vastly beyond their strength. Their failure in the great enterprises which they undertook has brought a life-long sorrow into tens of thousands of homes. Aged men, delicate women, accustomed to the comforts of life, whole families, well provided for a year ago, are now, through misplaced confidence in these men, reduced to straitened circumstances, or to either destitution or poverty. With many of them, as long as they live, the calamities of the past year will press painfully upon them. And this is not all the mischief caused by such mistakes. Everybody's confidence is shaken in everything. A blighting distrust has fallen on

every railroad enterprise. Undertakings wisely planned and promising the best results are obliged to stop because of the disordered conditions of affairs. We cannot measure the amount of pecuniary loss and embarrassment, or the amount of personal unhappiness and distress, thus caused. And the moral disorder, the loose ideas of right and wrong which gain currency in this deranged state of things, are still more to be deplored.

Here is the bad side of the picture. Men of real ability, elated by temporary success where they have been aided by favoring circumstances and the superior ability of other men, think themselves equal to anything that they may undertake, and so, persuading large capitalists to help them, they go on from one scheme to another. They gain a national reputation. Men of small means and no knowledge of business are glad to trust all that they have with them. Immense sums are placed at their disposal. They grow more self-confident and self-sufficient. They do not take the precautions, or the pains to gain the exact information, which ought to be possessed by men who take upon themselves such vast responsibilities. Their heads are turned. And widely extended failure and distress are the natural consequence. Unlimited confidence, and with it almost unlimited resources and absolute power, have been given them, and this is the result.

This is the dark side of the picture, yet if we were to stop here we should give a very wrong impression of the real state of affairs. The cases to which we have referred are the very rare and exceptional cases. Absolute and irresponsible power can never be safely invested in one man. Having shown the abuses of such power in one or two possible cases, it becomes us to show also the other side. Great moneyed corporations, as a general thing, have been of immense advantage to people of small means. Generally they are carefully watched and wisely managed. The best business talent of the country has been connected with them. The day laborer, the poor minister, the widow or the young woman of slender means, the school-teacher or the seamstress, though

entirely unacquainted with business, seeing the names of men of integrity and of business capacity and experience connected with it, may deposit their earnings in a savings bank, or buy a share in a bank, a railroad or a factory, and go on year after year reaping the profits which come from the honest and able management of these corporations. The fortunes which some of our best business men have made for themselves during a life-time are small in the aggregate compared with the fortunes to which they have helped others by their advice, and their faithful management of great moneyed institutions. We cannot enumerate, except by tens of thousands, the persons who would otherwise have been poor, and who have been made almost rich by the Hospital Life Insurance Company alone. Other institutions of a similar character have grown up under the fostering care of our best business men. Hundreds of millions of dollars are thus watched over and made profitable to hundreds of thousands of people who would be utterly unable to manage for themselves. The ablest directors that we know, of Banks, of Railroads, of Manufacturing Corporations, Insurance Companies, and other similar bodies, not only perform their duties with a proper regard to their own interests, but also render a vast amount of gratuitous service for the benefit of those whose interests are entrusted to their care. It is a very rare thing for the confidence thus given to be abused. Honor and thanks are due from the comparatively helpless classes of society to those active, able, upright, and public spirited men.

Another thing we wish to say. A man of no business knowledge who has a little money to invest goes to a business man for advice. He is advised to take a city bond or a United States bond. But he wishes to make a more profitable investment. "Very well," he is told, "you can do that, but there is not the same absolute security. Here is a bond that pays seven, instead of five or six, per cent. It is reasonably secure." But this does not satisfy him. He has heard of stocks or bonds yielding an income of ten or twelve per cent. "Have you not some of them?"—"Yes, but remember the increased risk."—"You have invested in such securi-

ties, have you not?"—"Yes."—"Then I should like to try the same." He takes the risk. After a few years a crash comes. The large percentage of interest is stopped, and the fault is laid to the charge of the adviser. There is a great deal of this unreasonable and unjust resentment now towards persons whose conduct has been judicious and generous, and who are certainly entitled to the thanks and confidence of those who feel unkindly towards them, and whose eagerness for larger dividends led them to disregard the warning that was given them.

There never perhaps has been a community in which the fortunes of the rich and the poor have been more closely bound up together than in this country. Nor has there ever been a country where people of small means and people who have no knowledge were allowed to derive greater advantage from the superior knowledge and ability of active business men than in this country. It is one of the greatest misfortunes connected with failures and mistakes like those alluded to at the commencement of this article, that the public confidence in prominent business men and corporations should be disturbed and shaken. There is no substantial reason for any general distrust. The cases of fidelity and success to those of dishonesty and failure, among persons who hold offices of trust, are as a thousand to one.

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

Miss Carpenter, of Bristol, England, like almost every member of her immediate family, is strenuous as to there being a difference between right and wrong, and also as to righteousness being of necessity connected with right-doing. Many years ago she was distinguished as an advocate of schools for children that were the poorest of the poor. More recently she went to the East Indies, and became again greatly distinguished by her efforts for inaugurating a system of education for female children, who so commonly have been but like the mushroom growths of dark zenanas. Latterly she has been applying herself to the subject of prison dis-

cipline, and as connected with it, she is gratefully recognized in England, and on the continent of Europe.

The following quotations are from an address which was delivered by Miss Carpenter at Montreal:—

“About twenty years ago the convict prisons in Ireland were in a dreadful state. There were four thousand confined in the Irish prisons alone, in addition to those who were transported to the colonies. The females were extremely depraved. At last the refusal of the colonies to receive such immigrants compelled the home government to consider what could be done. Sir W. Crofton, with two other gentlemen, was sent to reform (if possible) the Irish prisons. First, he improved the discipline; but that alone could effect but little. Then he showed them his desire for their good. He spoke to each one personally, and showed how their past life had led to nothing but evil. At first, they could hardly understand how such a gentleman could take so much interest in such beings as themselves; but soon they found out what a Christian can feel for each immortal soul. He then showed them that their future condition depended on themselves. He explained to them the laws of God: that if we sow to the flesh we must reap corruption; and that every breach of the Divine commandments must be followed by evil to the individual and to society.

“He arranged such a system that their own efforts could restore them to society. At first, he placed them in strict seclusion. When humbled and anxious to amend, he allowed them to enter into association with their fellows under strict supervision; always, however, keeping them alone by night. *This is absolutely necessary.* If two badly disposed persons are in a cell together, the corruption they exercise over each other cannot be described.

“Then he arranged another stage in which they entered upon associated labors, and were allowed to earn good conduct marks day by day. He called out their intellectual powers; he provided teaching and labor every day: for success in each of which one mark was earned. They could rise from class to class, and might now understand what was for their temporal good, though perhaps they might not have felt penitence before God. But we know not in what ways God works on the human heart; and we may well hope that an inward change may accompany the change in outward behaviour. Yet how could he be certain that they *were* reformed?

When there is no exercise of free will, it is next to impossible to say what a man would be if free. Who can tell that his conduct would be good, if freed from control beyond the prison walls?

"It is a very difficult problem how convicts can be received again into the labor market. Who would like to employ them, when they might be disposed to do them some great injury? Sir W. Crofton saw that he must prove that they were really trustworthy. He devised a most courageous and remarkable scheme. He determined to place them in comparative freedom. He resolved to locate them on a large piece of ground near the city, where they might live as ordinary laborers and cultivate the land. Several of these men were double-dyed convicts; many had been in prison five or six times; but he felt such confidence in some of them that he determined to try the experiment, with the certainty on their parts that if they misconducted themselves they would be returned to prison. Their term had not expired; they had hope of considerable remission of their sentence; but if they were not sincere, they knew they would be again confined. You would think this a sufficient motive; but no one can tell how weak are the minds of convicts. The prisoners themselves were afraid of the experiment. Numbers of anonymous letters were sent to warn him. But he had studied the laws of human nature, and determined to persevere. He placed them in separate large corrugated iron huts, on the common, with only a few officials. They were fully warned not to attempt to escape. Ever since that time, from fifty to a hundred men have been on that common, working hard, not for their own wages, but as it were to repay to society what they had robbed. Very few have even attempted to escape, or have been returned to prison. Their conduct has been so satisfactory that the public generally have been fully convinced that it was safe to employ them in the labor market. After a few experiments, their conduct was found so good that employers actually came to the prison to ask if there were not more men ready.

"Thus the system of license, or freedom on 'ticket of leave,' began, and has continued in Ireland to be eminently satisfactory. The same was tried in England; but it did not produce the same results, because there had not been the same preliminary training.

"Meantime far greater difficulty was experienced with the women. When bad, these are infinitely worse than men. Their organization being more delicate, they fall more suddenly; and,

with their character, everything is lost. Yet even there a similar plan succeeded. When I visited them in 1861, those who formerly had given great trouble were seen earnestly endeavoring to learn; not doing as *little* as they could, but striving to do their duty, and earning marks like the men. But how were they to be restored to society? Who would receive such women into their households?

"Most of them were Roman Catholics. Sir W. Crofton knew the superior of a nunnery who was a most admirable woman. He proposed to her to receive them, after they had gone through the other stages, under license, to be returned to jail if disobedient. The noble ladies willingly received them. The kind and earnest way in which these sisters devoted themselves to the improvement of these women was so successful that the public believed them. Similar institutions were founded for the Protestant women; and there also good results followed.

"It might be supposed that this could only succeed when admirable persons had the working of the system. But Sir W. Crofton found that it was not necessary to have persons of remarkable powers to carry out his plans. They were founded on human nature. The prisoners knew and understood it all. They knew that, if they fell, there was a power of recovery. Even the physical health of the prisoners became considerably better. The mind and the body go together. From the commencement the doctors found that an entire change in their physique was perceptible.

"The general system of Sir W. Crofton is now adopted in England under various modifications. At first, there is great strictness of discipline, with low diet, &c. It is made a real punishment. Then they are placed in associated labor under strict supervision; they are stimulated to do better; and a small allowance is made for their work, to help them after their discharge."

Miss Carpenter was much pleased with some things as to prison-management in the United States, but as to some other things which she witnessed, and which she heard of, she was deeply grieved. Of her address at Montreal, copies can be obtained from Dr. Wines, 320 Broadway, New York. The address of Miss Carpenter, in England, is Red Lodge House, Bristol.

W. M.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

CONGREGATIONALISM AND INDEPENDENCY. "E. A. G.," in "The Christian Register," of January 10, challenges our statement that the Unitarian churches are "independent" rather than "congregational." He says,—

"It is not a correct description of the 'Unitarian churches of Massachusetts' to speak of them in one whole as not congregational. Doubtless there are some Unitarian churches that never have, and do not now, conform to any usages which are congregational in distinction from independency. The ancient King's Chapel Church, in Boston, is one. None the less are there many Unitarian churches in Massachusetts which are, and always have been, 'congregational,' and have no intention of departing from that ecclesiastical polity and its old established usages,—principles which have ever formed such a noble and effectual combination of order and liberty."

Very well. Let us bring this matter to the test of history. What is the "ecclesiastical polity" of congregationalism, and what are its "old established usages"? The Synod which assembled at Cambridge, in 1646, and was continued, by successive adjournments, till 1648, and which represented all the New England churches, left their statement of congregational polity called the "Cambridge Platform,"—the best authority we know of for "the old established congregational usages." In the first fourteen chapters it lays down the principles of church order for individual churches, to which if any Unitarian church now conforms, in its most essential features, we certainly have never heard of it. But what is specially to our purpose, as touching the usage of congregationalism in distinction from independency, is the relation of individual churches to other churches. And here the fact is patent,—"*Congregationalism acknowledges a mutual responsibility, holding the collective body of Congregational churches responsible to each, and each to the whole, in matters of doctrine and discipline.*" Chapter XV., on the communion of churches with each other, makes three specifications as to how this communion shall be exercised. I quote from the third specification:—

"A third way of communion of churches is by way of admonition,—to wit, in case any public offence be found in a church, which they either

discern not, or are slow in proceeding to use the means for the removing or healing of. Paul had no authority over Peter, yet, when he saw Peter not walking with a right foot, he publicly rebuked him before the church. Though churches have no more authority one over another than one apostle had over another, yet, as one apostle might admonish another, so may one church admonish another, and yet without usurpation. In which case if the church that lieth under offence do not hearken to the church that doth admonish her, the church is to acquaint other neighbor churches with that offence which the offending church still lieth under, together with their neglect of their brotherly admonition given unto them; whereupon those other churches are to join in seconding the admonition formerly given; and if still the offending church continue in obstinacy and impenitency, they may forbear communion with them, and are to proceed to make help of a synod, or council of neighbor churches walking orderly (if a greater cannot conveniently be had), for their conviction. If they hear not the synod, the synod having declared them to be obstinate, particular churches approving or accepting the judgment of the synod *are to declare the sentence of non-communion respectively concerning them*; and thereupon, out of religious care to keep their own communion pure, they may justly withdraw themselves from participation with them at the Lord's table, and from such other acts of holy communion as the communion of churches doth otherwise allow and require," &c.

Moreover, the platform appeals to the Word of God as the sole authority in church government and discipline, since the parts of church government are all of them there "exactly described," so that it is not in the power of men "to add or diminish or alter anything in the least measure therein." (See Chapter I.)

In 1658, the Synod convened at the Savoy, in London, issued a declaration of faith and order owned and practiced in the Congregational churches of England. In 1833, the Congregational Union of England and Wales issued "a careful and well-authenticated declaration describing the faith and order of the congregational churches in that country." In 1865, a National Council of Congregational Churches assembled at Boston, and made "a statement of congregational polity," modifying somewhat the Cambridge Platform, but preserving essentially its "old established usages," appealing to "the Holy Scriptures, and especially the Scriptures of the New Testament," as "the only authoritative rule for the constitution and administration of church government,"—still preserving the principle of mutual watch and admonition, and announcing that, "if the admonished church refuse to hear its neighbor church, and remove the offence, *it violates the communion of the churches.*"

Has the church at Templeton, or any Unitarian church, ever admonished and labored with any other Unitarian church for departing from purity of faith or practice? Has it ever labored with the church at New Bedford for supporting a ministry professedly non-Christian? Or did it admonish the First Church in Salem, when under the administration of Mr. Frothingham, who proclaimed the spuriousness of the Fourth Gospel, and the spurious nature of the religion it teaches? Has the church at Templeton, or any Unitarian church, ever admonished any other church for its lax discipline, and for receiving members who drink to excess into its full communion? Does the church at Templeton, or any other church, admonish the churches whose pastors declare that the Bible is unfit to be read in churches, or in families, and ought to be expurgated? Did it admonish Theodore Parker's society for supporting a minister who believed Jesus Christ to be both fallible and sinful? or did it call a synod to enforce its admonition, and declare the offending church in non-communication? Did the church at Templeton, or any other Unitarian church, pass censure, or call a synod to pass censure, on the Unitarian church at Medford for cherishing a minister who taught that the religion which Jesus proclaimed was "psuedo Christianity," or to protest against the disparagements of his personal life and character? Did any Unitarian church ever assume the least particle of ecclesiastical responsibility for any errors of faith or of practice in other Unitarian churches, except to see well to its own example and influence? We have never heard that any Unitarian church ever did anything of the sort, and if any one should undertake it, we surmise it would have plenty of work on its hands. Pray, then, what is their congregationalism but *independency*? and if they choose to retain the name "congregational," as many of them do, to describe their ancient lineage, why should not "independency" be added to describe accurately the real thing?

If a Unitarian church and minister avow themselves congregationalists, as the term is defined by all the standards and platforms, they should not complain, we think, if other denominations ascribe to them views which they repudiate, or hold them ecclesiastically and denominationally responsible for what other Unitarian churches believe and do. For myself, I have a short answer to all such allegations. The real church polity under which I act is independency. I did not make it so, but found it so. We fellowship all Christian churches that will receive and return it, whether Unitarian

rian or Baptist or Methodist or Congregational. But we have no right to interfere with their internal affairs and discipline, nor they with ours; and there is just as much reason why we should "admonish" and "labor with" a Methodist or Baptist church as a Unitarian. To the extent of our Christian influence, and according to its quality, we can help our sister churches. But the collective body of Unitarian churches could no more bring the principles of the Cambridge Platform, or any other platform properly congregational, to bear upon the separate churches, or upon the whole body, than they could enforce martial law upon Halley's comet.

Mr. Beecher calls his congregationalism "independency of local churches;" and the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association calls the Unitarian polity "independent congregationalism." (See "Year Book," of 1874.) In both cases the real thing is independency; and if we choose to call it congregationalism, it is a new kind, and as such has no historical precedent.

"THE CHRISTIAN UNION" exhorts its readers to continue their subscriptions, so as not to lose any of Edward Eggleston's serial story. Why don't it advise the continuation for the sake of Dr. Edward Beecher's remarkable papers on the history of the doctrine of retribution, — a series which opens up the thought of the early church on the subject of universal salvation with almost startling clearness, and gives the result of life-long research on a subject of great interest to every believer? Because, we suppose, that popular reading must be very superficial reading, and people want to be "thrilled" rather than taught.

A LADY, IN "THE COMMONWEALTH," wonders why Dr. E. H. Clarke did not write a book about "Sex in Manufacturing Establishments." Why didn't he write about all the evils that flesh is heir to? and what business has anybody to write about what he knows, and leave out things that he does not know? or speak of one subject without exhausting all the topics of the universe?

OUR BROTHER HEPWORTH, on the Cuban question, went off, as the boys say, half-cocked. No harm was done, however, as there was nothing in his gun. A famous Greek orator, when roundly applauded, was accustomed to turn to his friends near him, and ask in an undertone, "What foolish thing have I said now?"

HEATHEN DIALECTS only hold heathen ideas. "God is love," the missionaries tried to translate into one of the South African dialects. The people knew of no love but sensuous, and sank the meaning straightway into lust. Elliot, when translating the Bible into Indian, was at a loss for an equivalent for "lattice." He described the thing as well as he could to the Indians. They gave him a long unpronounceable word. Some years after, when he had mastered their language, and was reading over his own translation, he laughed outright when came to the text, which rendered back would read, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through an *eel pot*."

THE MEMORY OF NAMES is a great deal more important than many people imagine, and is a gift worthy of cultivation. Themistocles knew the name of every citizen of Athens, and could greet every man in the streets by name as soon as he met him; and this was one source of his power and influence over them. A minister should know the name, not only of every man and woman in the parish, but of every child in the Sunday school and the family, down even to the baby in the cradle; and he should have it at his tongue's end, and speak it out cheerily, and not say, when he meets a child in the street, "Good morning—let me see—what's your name?—ah, yes—I had forgotten." To be familiar with one's name shows a living interest in the person. To forget it, and stammer it and blunder at it, indicates that the person is out of your mind, memory, and care.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS are a matter of some interest and much dispute. Somebody who ought to know has undertaken to settle the question. Somebody says, with marvelous perspicuity, that he agreed with *Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker*. Why didn't he add Hosea Ballou and John Calvin? The theology of Channing and Parker were about as near together as Madagascar and Greenland. They were agreed on reform questions, and they both hated slavery in all its forms; but to go to Channing's theology by way of Parker, would be like going through Behring's Straits to find the torrid zone.

THE CUNARD STEAMERS have run thirty years, and never lost a life. This is not mere luck. Neither, as we were told on good authority, is it because the Cunards are stronger built, but because

they are better manned. They will have no captains who have not been trained in the service, such as cannot be found for all the new lines. The crew of the "Ville du Havre" were incompetent and cowardly, else most or all of the passengers would have been saved; and the second officer in command was incompetent, else the disaster never would have happened.

THE POSITION OF RADICALS, who stand on their own platform, ride their own horses, and use their own money to spread their opinions, we have entire respect for; and we hearken for any new discoveries they may announce in religion or science or ethics. For the position of Radicals who are just as free as any of us to say their own say, choose their own platform and their own affinities, who criticise and denounce and ridicule the opinions of Christian believers, but, when Christian believers repudiate their unbeliefs, talk of inquisitions and chains, we have no respect whatever. They forget that there are not only the rights of speech, but the rights of hearing. Men have a right to their ears as well as their tongues, — a right to turn away from what they regard as heresy and nonsense, and a right, when they spend their money to spread "pure Christianity," to say what views and doctrines it shall propagate. But *some* Radicals, because they cannot ride other people's horses, and be paid by Christian believers for preaching down Christianity, cry out for "freedom," and are as martyrs at the stake. Poor men! The angels would weep over them were it not that the angels were once men like us, and must needs laugh outright.

THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH, we rejoice to see, sticks to its independency, and refuses to have its affairs overhauled by other churches. It "declines in any case to receive from any church letters containing covert insinuations against the character of any of the members of Plymouth Church." They have the best means of knowing whether the charges made or implied against the Plymouth pastor have any other foundation than gross perversions or false interpretations of facts in themselves blameless, or at best only indiscretions of manner. That this is all the foundation they have we do not think there is any reasonable doubt. There is a pernicious habit among the hunters after gossip and scandal to look at the private lives of public men — especially those of brilliant reputation — through magnifying glasses; to enlarge moats and specks

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into huge blots, and make them fill up the whole view if possible. These scandal-mongers are the pest of the world, and deserve the pillory. A public investigation of the affairs of Plymouth Church would pander to their craving appetites; and the Plymouth Church wisely holds its affairs under its own keeping. Since writing this we see there has been an amicable settlement of affairs.

PUNCTUATION is of considerable consequence, as printers and proof-readers are often made aware of. Near San Diego, Cal., a tomb-stone has an inscription which, the orthography being rectified, would read thus: "This here is sacred to the memory of William Henry Skaraken, who came to his death by being shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CONCERNING BABES. "The Christian world is a circumference which has grown from the apostles as a centre; the apostles also were once a circumference of which a little child was the centre. Jesus took a little child and set him *in the midst of the apostles*; nor was that enough; he took the child in his arms and lifted him to his bosom. The Beautiful Presence hides itself more in babes than in men." ("Quiet Hours.")

THE NEW INQUISITION! It is too bad that our liberties should be imperilled by the Unitarian Association, and especially by its Assistant-Secretary. But that gentleman has been guilty of an "amazing assumption of authority," and a "novel kind of censorship," which our ministers should not "tamely" submit to. See, in "The Christian Register," of January 17, the statement of Rev. S. R. Calthrop.

That our readers may understand this amazing assumption some detail of facts is necessary.

In 1825 was instituted the American Unitarian Association "for the diffusion of pure Christianity," "to collect information respecting the state of Liberal Christianity," and "to produce reunion, sympathy, and co-operation among Liberal Christians." The Association is not a representative body, but a corporation of some five hundred individuals, who become members by an admission fee. They began very soon to publish tracts proclaiming what was the Unitarianism they diffused, written by Channing, Dewey, the Peabodys, and others. And several years ago they began to publish a

"Year Book," "giving such statistics of the Unitarian denomination as are most likely to be useful." In the "Year Book," which is a sort of almanac, they have kept on proclaiming their Christianity,—as, in 1871, they declared the Unitarian position as one that "adheres unswervingly to Christianity." It should be added, that, under these proclamations, they have appealed annually to the Unitarian churches, and received funds to spread this "pure Christianity" which they have described. And they have published various statistics,—such as a list of the American Presidents, of morning and evening stars, of various associations, and a list of Unitarian ministers and societies. This "Year Book" the Executive Committee, through its Secretary, send as a voluntary offering,—or, as they express it, "a greeting to the churches."

But mark the steady progress of this Unitarian Inquisition! Some time since they employed Mr. Fox as Secretary,—we will not say because the name was suggestive of the work he was to do. But in the "Year Book" of 1874 the name of Rev. Mr. Potter is "dropped" from the list, because that gentleman says he is *not* a Christian minister, and has joined the Free Religious Association, which reckons Christianity on a par with heathen religions. What right had Mr. Fox to the "amazing assumption" of deciding that a man did not belong to a list of Christian ministers, merely on his own declaration and profession? But, on looking back, we find that Mr. Fox and his predecessors have been doing like things for years, and that this "censorship" is novel only by being new discovered. Rev. G. H. Hepworth once figured in the list. Now he is "dropped,"—through the amazing assumption of Mr. Fox that Mr. H. is a Trinitarian on no better evidence than that he has joined the Trinitarian connection, which, to our mind, is no evidence at all. Other names we find have been dropping out all the while,—W. L. Gage, Samuel Osgood, Huntington, Stevens, Towne, Abbot. Not only so, we find names of Liberal Christians whom Mr. Fox has never put in, such as Beecher, Bushnell,—men whose theology is almost identical with some which Mr. Fox includes. Amazing assumption! Again there are several names that once stood in the list, but which are "dropped" because of reports that they are not living, when, for aught that appears, they may be as much alive as some retained upon the list. What right has Mr. Fox to assume authority and decide, in the face of the Spiritualists, that many whom he has expunged are not alive and "have parishes" among us,—as if we were to furnish him certificates every year that we

are not dead? Again, on looking at his other tables, we find this inquisitorial censorship quiet as alarming. In the early "Year Books" there was a list of the Presidents, present and past, of the United States. In the "Year Book" of 1874 these are dropped altogether, and to this day we are not aware that U. S. Grant has ever been put into the list. How are we to know that next year this Secretary will not expunge one or more of the morning stars? Indeed, so far as Mr. Fox is concerned, the whole list may go trailing down the sky never to rise again. We were looking at the stars the other evening, and we saw Mars flaming with indignation as if he had some secret intelligence of Mr. Fox's designs upon him; but, on looking at the "Year Book," we find to our relief that he is still there. But very likely there was some mystic meaning in his anger on account of the stars falling from the Unitarian sky, as the theological heavens are shaken by the mighty wind of Mr. Calthrop's indignation and the inquisitorial proceedings of the Secretary. Something ought to be done.

THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL RESTORATION, says Dr. Edward Beecher, has never been condemned by any œcumenical council. It was widely prevalent in the early church,—was, in fact, dominant in the Eastern church; and, while other doctrines were condemned as heretical by the early local councils, this was not till the time of Justinian. Dr. Beecher shows moreover, from Greek writers, that they never use the word *aionios*, rendered in our English New Testament "eternal" and "everlasting," as synonymous with endless. His serial articles on the history of the doctrine of retribution, in "The Christian Union, are of exceeding value."

SONOROUS PREACHERS and their hearers are thus described in a very rare and delicious book, of which there is no American reprint,—"Quiet Hours,"—by Pulseford:—

"There are preachers so sonorous and fluent that the hearers are quiet satisfied to hear the high-sounding wordiness, though there be within it great barrenness of thought and no spiritual refreshment. The shallow people who have been accustomed to this sounding-brass and tinkling-symbol preaching, cannot endure the ever fresh flow of living thought. For being long accustomed to an ear-pleasing ministry, and not being used to a thought-and-soul ministry, under the former they are in their element, but under the latter they are like fish out of water. In a spiritual element a carnal people cannot breath with freedom.

Abide in the low plain of thought, and the multitudes will throng you ; but ascend to the mountain hight of purer thought, and your multitudes will be reduced to a few disciples."

POETRY FROM THE KITCHEN. "The Transcript," of December 17, has a remarkable piece of composition, — remarkable, that is, on account of its origin. It is a poem written by a servant girl, with the title, "Our Country's Flag," from which we give four of the stanzas. They come from the kitchen quite melodious after the "row."

"I see that banner proudly wave, —
Yes, proudly waving yet ;
Not a stripe is torn from the broad array,
Not a single star is set ;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft in the welkin dome.

"Far southward in that sunny clime
Where sweet Magnolias bloom,
And the orange with the lime-tree vies
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard, like the ocean's roar
As its surges break on the rocky shore.

"Was it the voice of the tempest loud,
As it felled some lofty tree,
Or a sudden flash from a passing storm
Of heaven's artillery ?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again in the scented groves.

"To see that banner waving yet,
Ay, waving proud and high,
No rents in all its ample folds,
No stain of crimson dye, —
And the Eagle spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft in the fields of air."

It ought to be said, however, that this effusion came from the kitchen before Bridget got possession of it. It was written extempore on the 4th of July, 1833, at the house of a friend who had doubted the author's claims to the pieces which had been attributed to her ; for this was not the first of her effusions. She had been ridiculed for her presumption in daring to write upon subjects so much above her situation, so that she became shy of her talent

and let her mistress have the credit of one of her effusions. She was an uneducated girl who resided in a respectable family on the banks of the Hudson. When the kitchen is restored again to American girls, and Cynthia displaces Bridget, who knows what harmony may again come from it after all our home industries have been elevated and dignified!

When the poem above quoted was first published it elicited the following criticism from a competent, though enthusiastic, critic:—

"After perusing these lines we cannot but acknowledge of the poet 'Nascitur not fit.' There is something in the character of this girl similar to that of Ann Yearsly, the light of whose genius was for a long time confined to the obscurity of her own lowly cottage, but subsequently attracted the notice and patronage of Hannah Moore. Surely the merits of this piece prove the writer entitled to a place beside any of those 'uneducated poets,' whose lives have been written by Southey; and if we mistake not this poem will compare with any of those which gained for them the notice of the Poet Laureate. Such poetry is like the notes of some lonely bird that wastes its melody on the solitude of the woods. But it sounds the sweeter when heard in the silence of its own secluded retreat, and is admired for its own original simplicity, unlike the mocking-bird poets of the modern age, who attempt no lays of their own, but strive to charm the listener by imitating the warblings of others."

THE FAMOUS YORK MINSTER is of such grand proportions that it could be seen in the moon through a telescope,—rather the moon people, if such there were, and had our telescopes, could see it down here on the earth. I walked round it and round it, and the more I looked the more awfully grand and massive it seemed. I went in to admire its forest of columns, magnificent distances and arches. Service was being held, and after it was over the vergers were ready to show us the crypt, the cloisters, the paintings and so forth. But I cared less for these things than visiting a Catholic Church right over the way which was also open, and in which Guy Fawkes was baptized. The stone font is still exhibited from which he received the holy water on his villainous forehead. But it is a beautiful rite which the Catholics observe, keeping their churches open all days of the week, for people to come in and silently kneel and worship and go away strengthened to their work. I went in and walked up to the chancel. There was a marble statue of Christ with a little child in his arms. O what sweetness, benignity and celestial grace! The divine majesty was not there

and never could be adequately expressed by picture or marble, but the moral and spiritual loveliness was there almost as a visible halo. I gazed and gazed, and felt like kneeling as the Catholics do. I got more good there than in the great minster. I was also touched at seeing poor people come in and bow and kneel at the altar and go away. One poor lame woman was led up and kneeled and went away with brightened features, and I met her afterwards in the street, with her basket of vegetables. There was also a shrine of the virgin, in a remote corner where a well-dressed lady in furbelows was kneeling and muttering. I kept at as wide a distance as possible. But the sight of the marble Christ was exceedingly refreshing.

DR. E. H. CLARKE'S BOOK has quite a different reception among his lady readers. Some like it and some denounce it. Some bestow upon it a very appreciative and discriminating criticism, — none more so than "An American woman," in "The Transcript." Miss Anna C. Brackett, after pouring out a column of misrepresentations of the book, ends with disparaging Dr. Clarke as a physician, and thinks women ought to supersede him. "A Mother" thanks Miss Brackett for her criticism. If these ladies follow this method in treating a purely physiological question, some of us will know where *not* to apply when they become physicians.

"EVERY SATURDAY" comes freighted every week with good things, and with a choice variety of them. It has tales, biographies, and sketches of travel, with criticisms and pictures of life and manners. Young people and old people read it with ever fresh interest; and, what is more, you can bind the numbers at the end of the year, and have a volume of permanent value and interest to be added to your library, to be read over for instruction and entertainment rainy days or winter evenings. It is in form convenient for binding. Each number has twenty-eight double pages, of fair type, containing the cream of foreign periodicals, besides original matter. An inviting feast for 1874 is given in its programme. "Every Saturday" will give you, in the course of the year, more than fourteen hundred double pages of choice fireside reading. You can have it for *five dollars*; and we do not think you can find a cheaper method of increasing your family library, and at the same time keeping the mind freshly informed and nourished on the best current literature of the day. Noyes, Holmes, & Co. are agents for the work.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLE MARVEL WORKERS, and the Power which Helped or Made them Perform Mighty Works, and Utter Inspired Words: together with some Personal Traits and Characteristics of Prophets, Apostles, and Jesus: or, New Readings of the Miracles. By Allen Putnam, A.M. Boston: Colby & Rich.

This is an attempt, made in perfectly good faith, and a reverent spirit, to account for the miracles of the Bible by their resemblance to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. The author is no enthusiast or fanatic, carried away by his imagination; but a sober, common-sense, common-place, matter-of-fact man, who has given a great deal of attention to the subject, and whose assertions of what he has himself seen are not to be put aside lightly. The book does not satisfy us. Our religious sensibilities sometimes shrink from the juxtaposition of things sacred with things which seem to us of a very different character.

But the subject is one which demands more attention than it usually gets from thoughtful, educated men. The admitted phenomena of Spiritualism are among the yet unexplained facts of the present age. We are not competent to say how far this work will help to throw light upon them by placing them in the same class with the great religious marvels which have had so important a part in the spiritual training of the world. But we believe it to be a serious and honest effort in the right direction. Whether its specific conclusions are admitted or not, it may do something to prepare the way for a science of Pneumatology which may satisfy the reason of enlightened and thinking men.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. January, 1874.

This able and venerable Review has perhaps never been more ably conducted than it now is. There are in the present number six articles on large and important subjects, besides seventeen carefully prepared book notices. The article on Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education" is, on the whole, the best article that we have read on that subject, though we should emphasize more than the writer does the urgent and imperative necessity of a better provision for

the higher education of women. "The North American" is not troubled with doubts. Its different writers have very decided convictions. The writer, for instance, on "the Currency and Finance of the United States," sweeps away the financial measures and opinions of distinguished statesmen with as much ease as if he were dealing with the cob-houses of children, and substitutes his own in their place with as little show of doubt as if he were dealing with a mathematical demonstration instead of one of the most complicated and difficult of all subjects. We do not question his ability, but we should attach more importance to his conclusions if he had shown more clearly his capacity for understanding the opinions and the reasonings of others. Something of the same criticism we should make on the sixth article, which makes Bismarck to be such a monster of treachery and folly that we close it with a stronger impression of the writer's personal hostility than of his fairness as a judge or the conclusiveness of his reasoning.

But we like "The North American Review." We like men of decided convictions. We know what they mean, and we know how to make allowance for them, especially when they are both able and learned, and give a reason for the faith that is in them.

STORIES OF INFINITY. Lumen — History of a Comet — In Infinity.

By Camille Flammarion. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A very entertaining, extravagant, whimsical, ingenious work, which we heartily commend to persons who have a taste for such speculations, and who are not bound too closely to the letter.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY on the Book of Exodus, with a New Translation. By James G. Murphy, LL.D. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

This work has evidently been prepared with great care and labor. It does not enter critically into any of the questions of authenticity or authorship which have exercised the minds of some of the ablest scholars of the age. It finds the book of Exodus in the sacred canon, and, without questioning the truthfulness of its statements, endeavors to explain what its meaning is, and how it may be made to help us as Christians in our religious faith and life. It is thoroughly orthodox, and finds everywhere in the old dispensation types and shadows of the higher revelation which was yet to come. It is intended particularly for Sunday-school teach-

ers; and, for those who agree with the writer in his views, and who are content to shut out every wider range of thought and inquiry, it must be a valuable hand-book. The style is simple. There is no air of dogmatism. The author is evidently honest, and has the learning that is needed within the limits that he has chosen.

MRS. ARMINGTON'S WARD; or, The Inferior Sex. By D. Thew Wright. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The woman question — how a young girl may best make her way and do her work in the world — is here treated with much good sense and good feeling, and with some crudities of taste and sentiment. There are chapters which are written with power and beauty, and others which can be regarded only as excrescences or blemishes which had better be removed. We have no doubt that the writer is capable of writing a much better book, when she has had experience in arranging the different parts of her story, and in toning down her style so as to produce a deeper sense of harmony.

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT; or, Doctrinal and Practical Meditations on the Nature and Work of the Holy Ghost. By the Rev. Samuel Cutler. Boston: American Tract Society.

A carefully prepared and beautifully printed book, made up mostly of Bible texts, and showing the offices of the spirit to the human soul. After reading a chapter like the seventh, entitled, "The Holy Ghost is a Person," we cannot but feel how entirely without foundation in the Bible that doctrine is, if by the Holy Ghost as a person we mean anything distinct from God, the Father, acting through the influences of his spirit. It is a book that we are glad to have for reference, or to lend to an intelligent inquirer.

HOME NOOK. By A. M. Douglas, author of "Stephen Dane," "In Trust," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is different from the author's previous works, perhaps inferior to them in force. It is thoroughly healthy in tone, and does not lack interest, though there seems to be scarcely any plot to the story. It undertakes to work out the problem, so often proposed by novel-writers of late, how young women, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, may best meet the difficulties of their situation, and triumph over them. The narrative is easy, the style simple, and the valuable lessons taught come naturally from the story.

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